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AT LAST A VOTE on prohibition repeal! On March 14 by 227 to 187 votes the House of Representatives defeated a motion to discharge the Judiciary Committee on a repeal resolution and thus to bring the resolution out upon the floor for discussion and a vote. This is progress. While the number of anti-prohibitionists was not larger than had been estimated, it is gratifying that as many as 187 were willing to vote as they drink, to stand up and be counted in the face of their coming campaign for reelection. Next year, perhaps, it may be possible to have Congress as a whole face the issue squarely, by voting on the proposal for a nation-wide referendum.

IT IS EXASPERATING indeed that President von Hindenburg failed of a complete majority over all the candidates in the first election for the German Presidency by the small figure of 168,433 votes. On the other hand, it is a great tribute to the moderation, the sound common sense, of the German people and to their endurance of unendurable conditions that 18,661,736 of them voted to uphold Brüning and Hindenburg and to preserve the republic from the charlatanism of Adolf Hitler. That the latter nearly doubled his vote over that cast in the last Reichstag election of 1930 is true. The vote will not prevent his losing a great deal of prestige, for he had claimed complete success and had announced that he would unquestionably take over the government after this election and that not fewer than 15,000,000 votes would be cast for him. Instead he polled 11,328,571 votes, an increase discounted because it had been indicated in every election that has occurred since September, 1930. More than that, he failed to carry his home city of Munich, or Thuringia, Brunswick, or Hesse, where his party has been partly or wholly in control of the government. In only three of the nation's thirty-five divisions was he first in the poll. Finally, it is noteworthy that Ernst Thälmann, the Communist candidate, polled only 4,971,079 votes, a gain of fewer than 400,000. Everyone had believed that the active recruiting sergeants for communism, namely, Want, Hunger, and Despair, would show better results for their work. The difficulty with the Communists is that they have no Liebknecht or Lenin or any other outstanding leader to dramatize their cause and create followers. It is now clear that Hindenburg will win easily in the run-off.

THE SPARRING MATCH between Japan and the League of Nations continues. The Assembly, after a prolonged session, finally issued a resolution declaring first and perhaps most significantly that the present Far Eastern dispute is entirely within the purlieus of the Covenant—a point which Japan has often denied. The resolution then proceeded to invoke the Pact of Paris and the Covenant, and recalled the League resolutions of September 30 and October 10, in addition to that of March 4. Its active proposal was the creation of a committee of nineteen members to consider the Sino-Japanese question, and to "report as soon as possible on the cessation of hostilities and the conclusion of arrangements which shall render definite said cessation and regular withdrawal of the Japanese forces." The first report of this committee is to be submitted to the Assembly "as soon as possible and at the latest by May 1, 1932." China replies by agreeing to cease hostilities upon the instant of "complete Japanese withdrawal." Japan declares that the League did not say "complete withdrawal," but merely "withdrawal," and promises to be bound by the text of the League resolution but not beyond it. In other words, as in previous attempts at reconciliation, China is ready to be reconciled and Japan is not, but wishes instead to temporize. And the League prepares a report to be finished "at the latest by May 1, 1932," while the Far Eastern war goes merrily on and Japanese invasion of China remains an accepted fact.

THE RECENT STATEMENT of the American committee of the International Chamber of Commerce is important because it reflects the opinion of the more enlightened section of big business. Signed by such names as Silas Strawn, W. W. Atterbury, Julius Barnes, Norman Davis, Robert Dollar, Edward Filene, P. A. S. Franklin, John Hays Hammond, J. G. Harbord, Edward Hurley, Thomas Lamont, Gerard Swope, Walter Teagle, Melvin Traylor, Daniel Willard, and Owen Young, it is certain to carry

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considerable weight. One is gratified, therefore, to find that the committee "unanimously agreed that the time had come to put a stop to the raising of tariffs and to reverse the process," and that it recognized the extreme importance to world trade of keeping Germany solvent and economically stable. But it is all the more to be regretted that the committee has so complacently accepted the easy Hoover formula that "the problem of German reparations is primarily a European problem, to be solved on its own merits by the European governments directly concerned." The members of the committee ought to know that as a sheer matter of practical politics it will be impossible to get France to consent to any substantial reduction of the reparations payments if France does not believe that its own debts to us will in turn be reduced. The greatest single move we could make for world recovery would be an offer to reduce or cancel the war debts to us on condition that a corresponding reduction or cancelation was made of German reparations. Nothing will be solved as long as Europe and the United States keep laying the problem on each other's doorstep, nor can we hope to convince the former Allies of our own disinterestedness if we insist that they make all the sacrifices.

WITH NEW HAMPSHIRE'S twelve delegates to the Democratic Convention in his pocket and the twenty from Minnesota pledged to him, Governor Roosevelt is well on the road to a dominating position at Chicago. We are aware of the split in Minnesota and the certainty of a contesting delegation from that State. But any loss in prestige there is well offset by the Governor's easy victory in New Hampshire over Al Smith, whose friends were confident that he could carry all of New England. For the ex-Governor of New York Massachusetts now becomes all important. Should Roosevelt defeat him there, carry Georgia and North Dakota, and obtain, as now forecast, sixty-four Pennsylvania delegates out of seventy-six, it will be difficult indeed to prevent his reaching the convention with a comfortable majority of the delegates well in hand. North Dakota, where they are voting as we go to press, will afford an interesting test of Governor Murray's appeal to the farmers. How well Al Smith has maintained his prestige since 1928 will be revealed by Pennsylvania as well as by Massachusetts and Rhode Island. We cannot believe that his stock stands anything like as high as it did. The revelations of Tammany corruption, as to which Al Smith has been too happy a warrior to find time for a single expression of regret or denunciation, have had their effect upon the country. More than that, his whole attitude toward Governor Roosevelt—his refusal to be candid and carry on an above-board fight—is bound to hurt him with all those who believe in straightforwardness and fair play.

OPPOSITION to Senator Norris's anti-injunction bill in labor disputes melted away like snow both in the Senate and House when the bill was finally brought to vote. The count in the Senate was 75 to 5; in the House it was 363 to 13. Since the measure was labor's first and most important plank and since it had almost the united support of all labor forces, its passage by so sweeping a vote can only be explained in terms of the wholesome respect felt for that united support on the occasions when it is expressed. It is a pity that the weight of the labor movement, effective as it evidently is, cannot more often be swung in the direction of progressive measures and even toward candidates for office who depart from the outworn policies of the two major parties. Besides its specific provisions in the matter of labor injunctions, the labor bill contains a provision regarding contempt cases capable of much wider use. It provides for jury trial in such cases—before a judge other than the one who issued the contempt order—in all instances and not particularly with respect to strikes. Exception is made of contempt committed by officers of the court "or so near thereto [the court] as to obstruct the administration of justice." This last limitation seems as we go to press likely to be ironed out in conference. It would, of course, allow considerable leeway to an ill-disposed judge. But the bill as a whole is a triumphant step forward for labor's bill of rights, and its easy passage makes all the more incomprehensible President Hoover's reiterated indorsement of Judge James H. Wilkerson for the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, when the latter was the author of one of the worst injunction decisions ever handed down.

BEFORE OUR EDITORIAL of last week was published, marveling that there was not more violence in a winter of suffering, came news of the riot at the Ford plant in Dearborn, a detailed account of which appears elsewhere in this issue. If this proves *The Nation* a bad prophet, it is nevertheless very much to be expected in times like these. A city of a million persons, depending almost entirely on one industry for its employment, Detroit might well experience conditions as bad as anywhere else in the country. Moreover, Henry Ford represents the symbol of prosperity for the workers. With his seven-dollar minimum wage, his huge plant, his fabulous wealth, his low-priced car, and the magic of his name all over the world, it is not at all surprising that leaders of the workers' march, whether Communist or not, should have picked the Ford plant out as the most likely place to march on; and the unemployed themselves, deprived even of the succor of public charity, were only too ready for the demonstration. That the march was orderly and the marchers unarmed seems to be undisputed. Dearborn police and Ford private police completely lost their heads, and four dead and fifty wounded are eloquent testimony to their recklessness. The fracas in Chicago five days later, when three policemen were shot and scores of bystanders beaten at a protest meeting against the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, shows that the lesson of Detroit is bearing fruit.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has wisely and justly promoted Judge Cuthbert W. Pound of the Court of Appeals to be its Chief Judge in succession to Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo, now of the Supreme Court. "The finest thing," the Governor declared in transmitting the nomination, "that could be said about Judge Pound is that he will worthily fill the place of Chief Judge Cardozo." That is high praise indeed, but not unmerited. Judge Pound has literally and figuratively sat at Judge Cardozo's right hand on the Court of Appeals—which, despite all the sordid politics and corruption within the State, has always been a great and highly respected court—and has usually concurred with Judge Cardozo's opinions. Both have been true liberals; both are able to write their opinions in clear and incisive

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English; both are fearless; both are men of broad range who know their world and are aware of its constantly changing currents. Only recently Judge Pound, in an opinion reversing a lower court's decision confirming the conviction of eleven actors and producers of an alleged indecent play called "Frankie and Johnnie," affirmed that, although the language of the play was vulgar and profane, the court was not a censor of plays nor should it attempt to regulate manners. "We hold merely that the fact that Frankie and Johnnie and their companions were not nice people does not in itself make the play obscene." Wise and proper words! It only remains now for Governor Roosevelt to appoint another liberal to the court and the episode will be closed with honor to all concerned, especially to President Hoover.

FRANCE MORE THAN any other nation at the present moment is piling new bricks upon trade walls. The system of import quotas, restricting certain articles brought in from the United States to 10 per cent and greatly reducing the importation of other goods less drastically affected, has brought threats of retaliation by American exporters, and actual retaliatory measures by Canada, Lithuania, and Italy. And now American fruit growers are glum indeed; for France has restored the former prohibition on the importation of United States apples, pears, and grapefruit. Press reports from Paris quote one leading American firm as saying that trade with France, owing to the new restrictions, will soon be virtually dead, and that American concerns "might just as well pack up and go home." It is freely hinted in some quarters that the finding of San José scale on American apples is only a slick device of officially advised French inspectors. But who has a good right to complain from this side of the Atlantic? Certainly not those who insisted on the salvation of our citrus-fruit industry by high tariffs; not those who advised our holding aloof from "entangling" international economic conferences; certainly not those who supported the combine of nationalistic politicians and greedy business interests which drove through Congress the shameful Hawley-Smoot tariff.

PERHAPS THE BRITISH authorities will derive encouragement from the prediction of Pandit Shanker Shastri Hosrithi, an Indian astrologer, that peace will come to the harassed peninsula by June. It appears that Jupiter is going to visit Leo about that time, and the Lion, with appropriate symbolism, will be appeased by this manifestation of favor. Certainly the British imperialists will find little to hearten them if they keep their eyes on the Indian soil. Instead of ushering in a state of intimidation and surrender by their unparalleled tyranny, the British have only stiffened Indian resistance. The lists of raids, fines, beatings, group imprisonments, and mob dispersals which reach us do not bear out the official optimism of the India Office. The All-India Trade Union Congress has been boldly opposing the government. Enormous crowds of Moslems at Delhi on "Frontier Day" demanded the withdrawal of the ordinances and all repression, release of political prisoners, return of confiscated funds, and equal status in the government for the inhabitants of the Northwest Frontier. In other large centers mills were closed and religious mass-meetings called. Merciless bombings can quell riotous frontiersmen for a time, but not the huge body of their sympathizers. Plainly, the hesitant Moslems are increasingly turning against the government. The *Manchester Guardian's* Bombay correspondent, after a survey of the early phases of the struggle favorable to the British, closes with the warning that "the attempt to kill Congress is the surest way to disaster."

WHEN PICTURES OF THE WORLD WAR do not make war terrible, the United States government is prepared to let them get out. But "only those photographs which show the pleasant features of war can be released," according to a statement which George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, declares was made to him by Major General Irving J. Carr, speaking for the War Department. The occasion of this little sidelight on militarist philosophy was a request for pictures revealing the horrors of warfare to be published by Brewer, Warren and Putnam in a book employing visual education against the glorification of conflict. "To give out any such pictures," said General Carr, as quoted by Mr. Putnam, "would be against public policy. It would not be ethical; it would not be decent. Think of the Gold Star mothers the country sent to France. Over there they saw the lovely cemeteries in which lie the dead of the A. E. F. Perhaps their boys lie there. The mothers carried home in their minds beautiful pictures of these well-kept resting places." That there may be a danger of more Gold Star mothers in the future and more acres of "lovely cemeteries," if war is prettified, seems not to have dawned on the militaristic mind. But the book is out, compiled by Frederick Barber, entitled "The Horror of It," and introduced by Harry Emerson Fosdick and Carrie Chapman Catt. Less complete than its European prototypes, it is still a valuable record of how "unlovely" modern warfare really is.

THE TRAGIC DEATH by their own hands of George Eastman and Ivar Kreuger is evidence enough of the effect of the strain of the crisis upon some of the greatest figures in the business world. Ivar Kreuger's suicide recalls that of Alfred Loewenstein who deliberately stepped out of an airplane when flying over the channel. The career of Ivar Kreuger was romantic enough. Not content with dominating the match industry in the Scandinavian countries, he went on to the Continent to dominate the German and French market and finally acquired great holdings in the United States. Here was a true big-business internationalist. Geographical boundaries could not hinder him; nor was he ever content with what he had conquered until, as in so many other cases, he overreached himself and when the crisis came upon the world his enormous fortune melted away. The suicide of George Eastman seems rather attributable to ill health than to business adversities, though the stocks of his company have shown marked decreases like all others. He, too, had an amazing career and had developed a great industry from a luxury trade into one of almost necessity. Coupled with his business vision were his great benefactions, which are said to have totaled more than $75,000,000. He called himself a "musical moron" but as a matter of fact there have been few benefactors of the art who have been as intelligent and who have invested their money as well. Whatever the cause of his self-destruction, it is not surprising that the stock markets of the world shivered at these two deaths.

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The Portent of Briand

HAD Aristide Briand died in 1902, at the age of forty, he would have been remembered as a fiery labor lawyer who made ferocious speeches at Socialist and trade-union congresses demanding that the workers of the world unite in a general strike. Had Briand died in 1912, at fifty, he would have been remembered as the ex-Socialist (still calling himself a Socialist though read out of his former party) who, as Minister of Justice, had dared do what no reactionary had ever ventured to try—had used the army to put down a strike.

Had Briand died a little before his sixtieth birthday, he would have been recalled as the rather jingo French statesman under whose premiership France had extended her period of compulsory military service from two to three years, a provocative answer to Germany's armament, as the man who had headed a not very competent National Union Cabinet during the war, and as one who, in peace-conference days, had fiercely attacked Clemenceau for being too kind to the Germans and afterward for signing so lenient a document as the Treaty of Versailles.

But Briand lived to be nearly seventy, and will be remembered as the Man of Locarno and the author of the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the dreamer of a United States of Europe, and the Great Pacificator who won the Nobel prize.

It was not quite so crazy a life as it seems. Briand barked loudly at a distance; he was always a compromiser in a crisis. His plea for the general strike was a maneuver in the internecine squabbles among various Socialist factions; he called out the army against the railroad strike but he did not let it shoot, and proudly held up his hands in the Chamber when the strike was over, boasting "See? No blood!" The three-year law was not so close to his heart as the separation of church and state, and that he carried through with singular discretion. When one recalls the bitterness of the Dreyfus days in France; when one observes the virtual civil war to which such separation later led in other Latin countries—Mexico and Spain—Briand's record seems brilliant. Perhaps he was less competent than Clemenceau as a war-time Prime Minister precisely because he lacked the relentless fanaticism of the older man, so that, while the armies were fighting, he was always carrying on secret negotiations in Switzerland in vague hope of peace.

Clemenceau's famous *mot* about Poincaré and Briand was one of his aptest. Poincaré, he said, knew everything and understood nothing; Briand knew nothing and understood everything. Briand's was a genius curiously akin to that of our New York Jimmie Walker; even his conscientious sartorial sloppiness resembled Jimmie's dandyism. Briand too was a jester, always lazy and late, and never wholly serious about anything. Briand never studied the documents until the last moment, but he had an intuitive ability to grasp the essentials of an issue, when it came to a crisis, which amounted to genius. He was never a man to fight to the bitter end for any principle. An eternal politician, he never made more enemies than he had to; he knew that some day he would need his enemies' aid. A man who served a dozen terms in the premiership of France had to know his way through the shifting quicksands of French parties, and Briand, almost to the end, had friends in all of them.

Such a politician was perhaps the destined man to bring a measure of reconciliation to post-war Europe. It is a little ironic to think that the Nobel peace prize was given in the same year to three such valiant war-time fighters as Briand, Stresemann, and Austen Chamberlain. Not one of them had whispered a hint of criticism of war while there was a war. All of them had been converted to peace almost against their wills. But perhaps, at that stage of history, Europe could listen only to such men. Ramsay MacDonald's very backbone and consistency made him suspect when he first went to Geneva pleading European reconciliation. The suspicious parliamentarians of Europe could for the moment trust only men who had been as gullible, as chauvinistic, as themselves.

Neither Poincaré nor Clemenceau could ever have run away to drink beer with Stresemann as Briand did on that historic trip to Thoiry. He took a small boy's delight in eluding the newspapermen, and he was an old hand at drinking beer with enemies. (Had he not even played golf with Lloyd George?) Briand was the flexible, amiable, vague person predestined to promote that first significant gesture of reconciliation. When he returned to France he was still master of the orator's art; few men in history could have said the same words at Geneva and Paris, and made them sound so safely nationalist in the French capital and so bravely international on the shores of Lake Leman.

That vagueness was Briand's strength and weakness. Germans like Dr. Schacht who read a cunning plan to rivet French hegemony upon Europe in Briand's plan for a United States of Europe probably read too much consistency into the supple Gaul's mind. He wanted everybody to be friends, and his chief delight was in shoving out of notice all those points on which men disagreed. Reread, his proposals for uniting Europe are as empty as a last year's chestnut burr. There was nothing to them but a generous sentiment. Everything was hinted at; nothing was pinned down. His sponsorship of the Kellogg Pact, "outlawing war," was as generous and as full of loopholes. To Briand the important matter was always not to get something concrete accomplished, but to get men to agree on some form of words.

Perhaps it is just as well that Briand is gone. He served a bruised and angry war-torn Europe in his day and served it nobly. His vague generalities, his gift of reconciliatory oratory, made possible the resumption of the essential method of discussion between France and Germany. He got the French troops out of the Ruhr, and Germany into the League. But Clemenceau was right when he said of the Locarno pacts that they offered "only the insubstantial semblance of a guaranty . . . calculated to lull vigilant minds to sleep." Lulling was what Europe needed in 1923-26, but a time has come when issues must be faced, when precision of thought and action is needed. Briand's effort as leader of the League in the Manchurian crisis last autumn was pitifully empty and face-saving. And face-saving is not enough in 1932.

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The New Tax Bill

EXCEPT for the inheritance and gift taxes, the revenue bill that has emerged from the House Ways and Means Committee safeguards vested interests even more than that advocated by Secretary Mellon last December. It proposes the imposition, for the first time in our history, of a general sales tax. It should not be necessary to labor the point that such a tax is vicious in principle. It is a tax on the necessities of life—for no one can pretend that the list of foodstuffs exempted in the tax exhausts the list of real necessities. The bill apparently does not exempt canned foods, and it certainly includes even the cheapest articles of clothing. It taxes the poorest at the same rate as the richest, the buyer of cheap shoes at the same rate as the buyer of expensive jewelry. In the long run the tax is bound to be paid by the consumer. True, the producer may pay the tax for certain articles and under certain conditions; but those cases in which the tax is not passed along (because of the advantages of having a "round" price, for example) are certain to be offset by those in which the added price to the consumer (also for the sake of "rounding it out") will be much more than the amount of the tax. If it were seriously believed by the advocates of the sales tax that the tax is paid by the producer, then there would be obviously no need for a sales tax at all. The revenue could be raised simply by an increase in the corporation income tax.

The committee's main defense of its 2¼ per cent general sales tax is the pressing need of revenues and the alleged impossibility of raising them by any other means. The increase of the income surtaxes to a maximum of 40 per cent, considered by the committee to be the most drastic it could have imposed, "practically a doubling of taxes on large incomes," will produce, it estimates, only $112,000,000 additional revenue in the fiscal year 1933. From the sales tax it estimates a revenue for the same period of $595,000,000. "If you do not want this manufacturers' excise tax," Congressman Crisp, acting chairman of the committee, told the House, "here is what you will have to take its place." He then presented a table estimating that $684,000,000 could be raised by an increase in the tobacco tax, a tax up to 5 per cent on automobiles and accessories, a 2-cent tax on bank checks, a gasoline tax of 1 cent a gallon, an increase in postage rates to 3 cents, a real-estate transfer tax, a tax of 5 per cent on radios and phonographs and on electric energy. Mr. Crisp presented this table as if it discredited itself on its face. Undoubtedly one or two of these taxes would be nuisance taxes, but so far as their *incidence* is concerned, they would be preferable, even if we had to take them as they stand, to the general sales tax. With the wide range of luxuries and semi-luxuries open to taxation, however, it is silly to pretend that Mr. Crisp's list contains the only excise taxes possible.

If it is finally decided that we must have a general sales tax, then there is one respect in which it could be at least mitigated. Instead of a flat tax, it could be made a tax graduated according to the ratio of profits to gross sales. A product on which the ratio of the profit to the sales price is 50 per cent, for example, ought obviously to pay a higher percentage tax on gross sales than a product on which the ratio of the profit to the sales price is only 5 per cent. Such a graduated tax would have several important virtues as compared with a flat tax. Much less of it than of a flat sales tax would be likely to fall on the consumer. A producer who has a very narrow margin of profit must raise his prices to pay a tax, but a producer with a wide margin of profit can absorb the tax without raising prices. The tax will adjust itself better to ability to pay, for to the producer with a narrow margin of profit a small tax on gross income may mean a very high tax on net income; this is not true of a producer with a wide margin of profit. Finally, it seems reasonable to assume that in general the widest margins of profit are made on luxuries rather than necessities, and to the extent that this is true, the part of the burden that the consumer will still have to bear will be shifted to luxury goods.

The House committee, however, is at least to be congratulated on restoring the maximum inheritance-tax rate to 40 per cent, compared with the small raise to 25 per cent originally recommended, and supplementing this with a cumulative gift tax that does not seem likely to allow the evasions possible under the old gift tax. The committee's action on the capital-gains tax is more debatable. By continuing to tax capital gains, and allowing the deduction of losses only to the extent of capital gains within the same taxable year, it is practically taxing capital gains in good years and refusing to allow deductions for losses in bad years—which does not seem altogether equitable to the taxpayer.

The American "Mind"

A MAN and a woman were found murdered under a crab-apple tree. The man was the pastor of a fashionable church; the woman was one of his choir singers. During the months that followed, when the case was a *cause célèbre* of the most scandalous sort, the crab-apple tree completely disappeared, cut up for souvenirs by the morbidly curious who found the spot irresistible.

Considering this episode, certain aspects of the Lindbergh kidnapping are not perhaps surprising. One is told that the orphans at the little town of Hopewell, New Jersey, pray every morning for the return of the stolen child. This is perhaps endurable, to those who are fond of prayer. But a recital of the fact is not enough: the helpless orphans are lined up in the chapel, their hands suitably pressed together, and photographed in the act of communicating with God. And the photograph of course appears in the morning papers. On March 6 a large van drove up to the outer gate of the Lindbergh property. It was stopped by police, and an examination of its contents disclosed a load of lumber. The driver explained that it was intended for a hot-dog stand to be erected at the gate to catch the tourist trade. One is grateful to record that the troopers sent the ambitious storekeeper about his business forthwith, but at least someone did not think the affair too preposterous to attempt. President Hibben of Princeton complained on another occasion to Governor Moore that an enterprising airplane company was establishing itself at Hopewell to begin a series of flights at $2.50 each over the Lindbergh home. The Governor, too, acted promptly. But again, the idea was there.

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What goes on in the minds of the persons who behave this way? They telephone the Lindbergh household; they drive many miles in order to pass as near the house as possible; they send a dog in a crate to take the place of the one that did not bark on the night of the kidnapping. They are presumably the persons for whom tabloid reporters and photographers risk their necks to get a story or a picture. They are presumably the ones for whom details are provided or at least sought of what Mrs. Lindbergh was wearing on the dreadful Tuesday, of how she is bearing up under the strain, of how she occupies herself from hour to hour. To say these persons are totally without common human decency would be unjust. They are not bad people; most of them are genuinely concerned about the sorrowing family and the abducted child. But their concern expresses itself in the form of a prying, an irresistible, a devastating curiosity.

It is surely not unfair to say that the degree, at least, of this curiosity is American. But why it should be greater in the United States than anywhere else in the world is another question. We are, it is true, a nation composed of heterogeneous groups with national traditions of various stages of strength and purity. During the last fifty years, when immigration reached its height and ebbed away, millions of persons have been added to our national stock, each with his heritage of culture. The vast majority of them came from countries which had their professionally public men and women, in short, a reigning family. The royal families scattered about Europe provided a release for the necessity for hero-worship. It is the business of a king to be a public person. From the days when queens gave birth to their children before a gaping populace to the present, when a Prince of Wales counts his public engagements every year by the thousand, and sees his picture in the newspapers at least weekly, is not such a very long step. In the United States, however, while we have, it is true, a White House family which is expected to furnish copy in profusion, public adulation of a man and his wife, when public criticism also is flourishing, and when his reign lasts eight years at most, does not reach quite the heights of worship that a monarchy by succession does, with all the trappings of pomp and romance. We must turn elsewhere for our public heroes, and we turn to private persons who have performed some feat which a hundred million of us can understand. If the hero is a personable young man, unmarried, a little unapproachable—that is, if he does not immediately cheapen himself—his fortune is assured. And if he thereafter marries a young woman whose father is not only rich but famous, the romantic combination is beyond description felicitous.

The difficulty, of course, is that it is unfair to ask a private citizen to forfeit his privacy in order to furnish romance for the multitudes. When Princess Mary of England was married, the details of her trousseau were spread on millions of newspaper pages. But a princess, by her very nature, has no privacy. It might be far better if we could elect, say once every twenty-five years, a family to be our royal house. Hero-worship could then be directed at them; it would be their job; they would suffer it as any person suffers the burdens of his daily toil. The compensation, of course, would have to be high, but perhaps such an arrangement would relieve the fervid pressure that is exerted now on a private citizen who, usually through no fault of his own, is being indecently exposed to the public eye.

Saving the Drama

EVERY now and then it happens that, just as we are growing a little cynical about Congress, something occurs to restore our faith in the watchfulness and efficiency of that body. We usually think of it as burdened beyond its meager capacities and too much involved in minor matters like taxation, tariffs, and naval bills to take cognizance of really important issues. But that some of its members are alive to the dangers which threaten our country is proved by the bold stand of Representative Sirovich of New York, who, as everybody knows by now, is conducting an investigation into the activity of dramatic critics. Charging these dangerous public enemies with having bankrupted the theatrical business by alienating the public through their "harsh and unjust criticism," he has invited a number of them to appear before the House Committee on Patents and threatens to suggest a law requiring them to be licensed.

It is true that the New York newspapers in general and the irresponsible critics in particular have tended to make light of Representative Sirovich's heavy charges. Some have ungenerously pointed out the wholly irrelevant fact that the Congressman himself was the author of a rather unusually unsuccessful play which received demonstrably "harsh" if not so obviously "unjust" reviews. Others seemed to feel that when he cited Alexander Woollcott's "The Channel Road" as an example of a play sent on the road to success by the disingenuous praise of Mr. Woollcott's fellow-reviewers, he was being more wrong than even a Congressman is expected to be, since, as a matter of fact, the play in question was generally damned and quite unsuccessful. Mr. John Mason Brown, of the New York *Evening Post,* even went so far as to write a critique of a session of Congress and to report that it was mostly old stuff which was badly in need of cutting. All this, however, strikes us as quite beside the point, for Representative Sirovich is merely following the general principle laid down by the Chief Executive. Mr. Hoover, it will be remembered, cured the depression by persuading everybody to say that it did not exist. What is more natural than that Mr. Sirovich should be inspired by his President's example and should endeavor to raise the standards of the drama by insisting that all the plays be called good? If only someone will now introduce a bill forbidding doctors to tell their patients that they are sick, America will become a Utopia—or at least will not know that it isn't, and that is the same thing.

When consulted on the matter, *The Nation's* own dramatic editor refused to be disturbed. Even if a law should be passed requiring that all notices must be favorable, it would be easy, he said, merely to adopt the system now employed by the press agents and most of the critics of the movies. A very bad play would be called "a masterpiece," a mediocre play would be called "a super-masterpiece," and a fairly good one "the triumph of the century." Readers would soon catch on to the system, and playwrights who had merely been compared to Shakespeare would know that an insult was intended. Incidentally it is worth noting that Mr. Sirovich is reported to have written another play which we have every reason to believe "a masterpiece." If that be treason make the most of it.

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What Do *You* Think About Russia?

By LOUIS FISCHER

MANY persons still harbor false notions about bolshevism and Soviet Russia. A number of these popular misconceptions appear below. There are probably hosts of others, and readers may wish to complete the list. Many people, for instance, believe erroneously:

1. That bolshevism is a religion.
2. That Soviet Russia is an experiment.
3. That the Bolsheviks have no sense of humor.
4. That Russia is communistic.
5. That Russia is capitalistic.
6. That Jews run the Soviet Government.
7. That the G. P. U. runs the Soviet Government.
8. That Russian women have no feminine charms.
9. That Russian women don't try to dress and look well.
10. That Russian men like American women.
11. That the Soviets are "dumping" goods abroad in order to destroy capitalism.
12. That the Five-Year Plan is an attempt to disguise the breakdown of bolshevism.
13. That the Five-Year Plan is a scheme to ruin world capitalism.
14. That Stalin is the twentieth-century Ivan the Terrible.
15. That Stalin is the modern Peter the Great.
16. That the stability of bolshevism would suffer if Stalin died.
17. That human nature cannot change.
18. That Russia was "holy" and that the mujik was devout.
19. That the Bolshevik coup d'etat in Petrograd on November 7, 1917, was bloody.
20. That the New Economic Policy introduced in 1921 by Lenin meant the return of capitalism to Russia.
21. That the Bolsheviks believe in or practice leveling and regimentation.
22. That equality of wages exists in the Soviet Union.
23. That shoes cost $50 a pair in Russia, butter $5 a pound, and so forth.
24. That any Soviet woman can get an abortion for the asking.
25. That an "independent" Georgia existed in 1918-20 which the Bolsheviks suppressed.
26. That there is no freedom or liberty in Soviet Russia.
27. That the Bolsheviks have abolished the family.
28. That Soviet parents love their children less than other parents do.
29. That the Soviet state takes children away from their parents.
30. That the Bolsheviks intend to nationalize children as they nationalized women.
31. That the Bolsheviks have refused to pay Czarist debts.
32. That the Soviets put a limit on individual wealth.
33. That bolshevism stifles the individual.
34. That there can be no individual incentive or initiative in the U. S. S. R.
35. That Soviet workers are chained to their jobs.
36. That foreign observers cannot move about freely in Soviet Russia.
37. That it is dangerous for the foreigner to travel through Russia.
38. That anybody who writes favorably about Russia is a "Bolshevik agent."
39. That the Bolsheviks believe revolutions in other countries must be exactly like their own.
40. That the Bolsheviks are bloodthirsty cutthroats and bearded bomb-throwers.
41. That Soviet universities teach propaganda instead of history, art, and science.
42. That bolshevism and fascism pursue similar ends.
43. That the Bolsheviks encourage sexual license.
44. That all churches, synagogues, and mosques in the Soviet Union have been closed.
45. That Russia has ceased to exist as a name and as a political entity.
46. That the Bolsheviks deny the role of the individual in history.
47. That Lenin is being deified by the Bolsheviks.
48. That Russians never laugh.
49. That Russians never bathe.
50. That the Russians never wear bathing suits.
51. That bolshevism and nationalism are incompatible.
52. That the Pope was always opposed to good relations with the Bolsheviks.
53. That the Soviet Government and the Third International follow the same policy.
54. That the Russians sing the "Volga Boat Song."
55. That the Bolsheviks are idealists.
56. That the Bolsheviks neglect theoretical science for the sake of technology.
57. That tourists can see only what the Bolsheviks want them to see.
58. That the Russian is an Asiatic and will never master Western technique.
59. That the revolution destroyed the Russian soul.
60. That the Bolsheviks have suppressed the classics.
61. That the Soviet regime exists only thanks to the support of the red army and the G. P. U.
62. That the red army consists of Chinese and Lettish mercenaries.
63. That Lenin and Trotzky were German agents.
64. That only Communists can hold government jobs.
65. That Bolsheviks constitute 1 or 2 per cent of the population of the Soviet Union.
66. That Russians eat only black bread and cabbage soup.
67. That Soviet Russia is a red "trade menace."
68. That most Russians live six in a room.
69. That Russians never shave.
70. That there is no inheritance in Russia.

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71. That the Bolsheviks are creating a new Communist aristocracy or oligarchy.

72. That when the present Bolshevik leaders die, there will be no first-class men to take their places.

73. That Soviet life is dull and drab.

74. That bolshevism makes the people unhappy.

75. That there is no justice in Soviet courts.

76. That the Soviet Government will fall on—(please supply convenient date).

77. That the Bolsheviks are syndicalists or anarchists.

78. That the Five-Year Plan would not succeed but for the assistance of American specialists hired by the Soviets.

79. That the Soviet Union is a paradise or Utopia.

80. That Russians constitute a majority of the population of the Soviet Union.

81. That Soviet foreign policy, being a product of geography, does not differ materially from Czarist foreign policy.

No Economic Boycott

By EDWIN BORCHARD

SO long as the Japanese foothold in Manchuria and Shanghai is not relinquished, the agitation for a boycott against Japan will probably continue. This is unfortunate, for the agitation is likely to prove harmful to the interests of the United States and to the cause of peace. It is harmful because, with all respect to its worthy advocates, it inflames popular passions, tends to unsettle the reason, strengthens the hands of militarists, both here and in Japan, and is likely to produce oblique and unlooked-for results.

The people of Japan seem firmly convinced, whether rightly or wrongly, that their country is waging a struggle which began and is sustained in self-defense, that their motives are high-minded, and that their self-preservation as a nation is at stake. The factors in the situation in the Far East are so intricate, are so unresponsive to Western criteria, and have so long a history that it is dangerous to reach categorical conclusions without more complete evidence and understanding. The revelations made during the past ten years, and most notably by the British documents just published in London by Gooch and Temperley, of what preceded the outbreak of war in Europe in 1914 constitute a solemn warning against the danger of misconceptions.

The economic boycott is not a peaceful measure. It is an act provocative of war and, when directed against a strong Power, would almost inevitably result in war. Whatever the effect might be under the League Covenant, to which Japan is a party, it would, if practiced by the United States, immediately violate the American treaty with Japan providing for the right of Japanese citizens to trade on equal terms with the citizens of other nations. The United States would thus at once put itself in the wrong.

The boycott could, as a practical matter, hardly be effective, except to produce war. The assumption that the great Powers in the Council would join the United States is, I think, a delusion. England and France have other interests. The Powers in the League are hopelessly divided on the Japanese issue, so that a League boycott seems at the moment an unrealizable vision. A boycott, it need hardly be added, is a two-edged weapon. It would be harmful to the United States, for it would further increase unemployment, impair still more a diminishing foreign trade, and by helping to impoverish Japan, would not make the Japanese more reasonable in their demands on the Asiatic continent. The supposition that a people laboring under a sense of grievance will be deterred by preponderance of numbers or force from incurring the dangers of war is disproved by all history, notably by the experience of the American Revolutionists in 1776, the French in 1793, the Confederates in 1861.

While the agitation for a boycott will not in all probability produce the boycott contemplated, it is quite likely to produce a state of mind and policy which lead to armed conflict. The agitation emanates, I infer, from lovers of peace who are shocked at Japanese conduct, as they construe it, and give expression to their indignation by advocating a repressive measure which they believe to be peaceful. Whether the further motive is to chastise Japan for its supposed flouting of the League, or to assure the League of American support in a boycott the League seems incapable of declaring, or to bring about closer cooperation with the League by indorsing in advance whatever the League might propose, the suggestion seems equally ill-advised, for boycott or other eventual measures would be accomplished mainly at American expense. Professed pacifists are thus, by possibly well-intentioned but not well-considered action, serving unwittingly but effectively the cause of militarism, hatred, and confusion, and are advising a policy the results of which cannot possibly be foreseen.

No Western nation can with good grace lecture Japan. Vera Cruz is still recent history; and the United States has no divine mission to regenerate the world. The present conflict, unless by blunders it is permitted to spread, can still be settled by convoking an early conference between China and Japan, for which they seem nearly ready. Lost prestige and material interests can all be saved by such procedure.

The idea of "economic sanctions" appears to have a fatal attraction. A "Committee on Economic Sanctions" has just submitted a proposal to implement, it is said, the Kellogg Pact by providing for joint consultation of all the signatories of that pact with a view to determining upon measures of economic boycott, including an arms embargo, against a violator, an aggressor. This is reminiscent of the Capper resolution. The way to implement a sieve and enable it to hold water is to plug up the holes, not to pour more water into it. The Kellogg Pact was devitalized from the start by the reservation incorporated in the interpretative notes exchanged, stipulating that it could not apply to a war of defense, each nation to be the judge and enforcer of its own defense. The European Powers seem at once to have appreciated the fact that the pact's essential value was to draw the United States into the general commitments of

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the League, for there was nothing in the pact to which they were not already bound. Inevitably the proposed "economic sanctions" would draw the United States into the express commitments of Article XVI. Aside from these entangling political accomplishments, the pact has proved to be mainly a source of irritation and recrimination. Geneva, according to Mr. Streit of the New York *Times*, now blames the United States for having in October, by its speculative advance approval if not instigation of action which the League has since found itself unable to take, misled it into sending the Manchurian ultimatum of last November which the League did not afterwards enforce.

The League has valuable functions to perform. But they do not lie, I fear, in the machinery designed to keep the world rigid. If title by conquest is to be abolished, and that is commendable enough, it must be accompanied by both willingness and authority legislatively to decree territorial changes when time and circumstances require. The first beginnings should be made with the treaties of 1919. They are not harbingers of peace, and all the incantations to a supposed "sanctity of treaties" will not make them seem just or sound to millions in Europe and elsewhere. The League can apparently do little to prevent or even criticize provocative governmental policies; but if a victim of the Versailles treaty, for example, frustrated in all efforts for amelioration by negotiation, finally writhes in agony and, driven to desperation, seeks to throw off the oppression that stifles him, League law pronounces him an "aggressor" and he is to be beaten down under Article X and starved into submission under Article XVI. A possibly desirable change in the status quo may be subjected to like repression.

There is no peace in such a program. A structure built on such foundations cannot endure, whether or not it temporarily holds down the status quo. The attempt to define an aggressor is likely to be both futile and mischievous. Justice, decency, fairness, common sense—the touchstones of peace—escape legal definition. In a major issue the League Powers can hardly be expected to achieve unanimity; nor can their effort to achieve it be promoted by the talk of hostile action that inflames passions inside and outside the League, and particularly in the prospective recipient of its hostile ministrations.

The advocacy of a boycott today seems to be strangely reckless of consequences. If the League and the United States through the Kellogg Pact are to be used for sporadic demonstrations or expeditions against disapproved countries, the League will have become a new agency to insure the spread of war. The anarchy resulting from such conflicts would be calculated to bring about the downfall of the League. The suggestion of an economic boycott, whether under one form or another, is an explosive device, capable of doing irreparable damage.

Bullets—Not Food—for Ford Workers

By MAURICE SUGAR

Detroit, March 10

IT is doubtful whether the workers of any community in the country are feeling the depression more acutely than those in the city of Detroit. With the bulk of the industrial population of the city dependent upon the automobile industry for its livelihood, the collapse of automobile production has resulted in extreme suffering. Municipal relief has been woefully inadequate. Even when this relief was at its height it did not approach a solution of the problem. Last summer, when the bankers dictated the terms upon which they would agree to make money by lending money to the city, they looked over the welfare situation and decided that some 15,000 families in the city should be deprived of municipal charity and exist, or not exist, without it. Accordingly, the city administration took 15,000 families off the welfare list.

Prior to the depression the pay and the standard of living of automobile workers compared favorably with those of workers in other industries. According to government computations the average yearly earnings of all the auto workers in the United States in 1929 were $1,639. According to a survey made by the Labor Research Association for the period from August to October, 1931, the average yearly earnings of those automobile workers *who were working* was $757. This extremely rapid reduction was of course reflected in a correspondingly rapid reduction in the standard of living, which has contributed much to the accentuation of the unrest.

Seventy-five per cent of the workers interviewed by the Labor Research Association were in debt; many had lost their insurance policies, homes, and furniture. Bank failures in the Detroit metropolitan area have accounted for the loss of the small savings of perhaps 50,000 workers. It is estimated that from 5,000 to 10,000 children in the city of Detroit are daily in "child bread lines." Today, as this is written, crowds of persons are storming at the doors of the welfare office, standing in the bitter cold, clamoring for coal with which to heat their homes. A short time ago it was revealed that forty-five members of the Detroit Bar Association were "on the welfare"—recipients of municipal charity.

On Monday, March 7, 1932, a "Ford hunger march" was staged by the Detroit Unemployed Councils and the Automobile Workers' Union. The participants numbered from three to five thousand. The day was extremely cold, with a biting wind. The marchers met in Detroit, one block from the dividing line between Detroit and Dearborn, where the Ford plant is located. This starting-point was about a mile from the plant, and the marchers proposed to parade from the city limits of Dearborn down Miller Road to the employment gate of the factory. On arrival at the gate, they intended to send a small committee to present a set of demands to Henry Ford. These demands were: (1) jobs for all laid-off Ford workers; (2) immediate payment of 50 per cent of full wages; (3) seven-hour day without reduction in pay; (4) slowing down of the deadly speed-up; (5) two fifteen-minute rest periods; (6) no discrimination

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against Negroes as to jobs, relief, medical service; (7) free medical aid in the Ford Hospital for the employed and unemployed Ford workers and their families; (8) five tons of coke or coal for the winter; (9) abolition of service men (spies, police, et cetera); (10) no foreclosures on homes of former Ford workers—Ford to assume responsibility for all mortgages, land contracts, and back taxes on homes until six months after regular full-time reemployment; (11) immediate payment of lump sum of $50 winter relief.

When the marchers gathered on the Detroit side of the dividing line between the two cities they were met, but not molested, by about seventy Detroit police officers. Lines were formed and banners raised. Some of these banners read: "We Want Bread, Not Crumbs"; "Tax the Rich and Feed the Poor"; "Open Rooms of the Y's for the Homeless Youths"; "Fight Against Dumping of Milk While Babies Starve"; "All War Funds for Unemployed Relief."

While still a block from the Dearborn line one of the spokesmen among the marchers addressed them. He warned them to be careful to commit no act which would give anyone a pretext for attacking them. This incident is described in the Detroit *News* of March 8:

> The marchers stopped. One of their number hoisted himself on to a truck. The shivering, watery-eyed men pressed about the truck as closely as they could. The man on the truck—it was Albert Goetz, a Detroit Communist leader—raised his hands for silence and began to speak. "We don't want any violence!" he said sharply. "Remember, all we are going to do is to walk to the Ford employment office. No trouble, no fighting. Stay in line. Be orderly." The speaker paused a moment. The crowd was silent. "I understand," he continued, "that the Dearborn police are planning to stop us. Well, we will try to get through somehow. But remember, no trouble."

A few hundred feet from them, at the city line, stood about fifty Dearborn policemen, massed to prevent the marchers from entering the city. The marchers proceeded in a peaceful manner, carrying their banners, in good humor, singing. They approached the police. Charles W. Slamer, Acting Chief of Police, called out, asking who their leaders were. A chorus of voices replied, "We are all leaders." The chief told them to turn back. They replied, "We will not," and continued their march. Immediately they were showered with tear-gas bombs, shot from the tear-gas guns in the hands of the police. One newspaper report quotes the Dearborn police chief as stating that the police used $1,000 worth of tear gas. Another report said it was $1,750. Some of the marchers were affected by the gas, but the swirling wind blew most of it away from them. The marchers continued to advance. The police retreated. Those in the front ranks of the workers stated that at this time one of the officers commenced shooting with his pistol; others were shooting tear-gas bombs. The marchers were unarmed. They had no guns, they had no clubs, they carried no weapons of any kind. But at the roadside and in the fields adjoining the road there were many stones. While some of the marchers proceeded barehanded, others retaliated by picking up stones and throwing them at the officers.

John Collins, photographer for the New York *Times*, had joined the workers at the very outset and marched with them, camera in hand. He did this so that he would be in a position to get "a good shot." He got a good shot—a bullet through the hand. He says the crowd was "very orderly" and "good-natured." He says that when the police shot tear-gas bombs into the marching ranks, the workers "naturally resented" the assault, and sought stones to throw in return. And he says that he did not see a single gun or weapon of any kind borne by any of the workers.

For almost a half-mile the marchers continued down the highway toward the plant, the police retreating before them. Then they reached the first street intersection, where they were confronted with two ladder-and-hose outfits, fire-fighting equipment. The firemen were frantically attempting to make the hose connections. Before they had succeeded, the workers reached them, whereupon they joined the police in retreat. This retreat was continued for another half-mile, until the employment gate was reached. At this point the fire-department units made their water connections. Here, about thirty feet above the roadway and extending across it, is a bridge which is used to provide for the passage of workmen into the factory without interference by traffic. Stationed on the road below the bridge were a large number of police officers. Stationed on the bridge above the road were both officers and firemen. From the top of the bridge the firemen poured powerful streams of icy water upon the workers below. From the bridge and from the road below came a steady rain of tear-gas bombs. According to the marchers, it was at this bridge that the Dearborn police were joined by a large number of Ford Motor Company private police, by a strong force of officers from the Detroit Police Department, and by State police. It was here that the shooting began—a steady stream of bullets came from pistols in the hands of the officers. It was here that Joe York, youthful marcher, was shot dead, and many others were wounded. It was here that the New York *Times* photographer received his wound. He says that "the first volley of shots was effective." As he puts it, "No ammunition was wasted."

In the face of the downpour of icy water and the rain of bullets, almost all the marchers withdrew. A number called out to others to turn back. One stepped on a tire on the back of an automobile in the field adjoining the road and began to speak. The others gathered around him. He told them that it was useless to go farther, that "Ford has already given his answer to our demands," and that they should leave. While he was talking and while almost all the marchers had either gathered around him or were starting back on the roadway, a car emerged from a driveway leading from the Ford plant to the road. In this car, with others, was Harry Bennett, chief of the Ford private police. Bennett was seated on the right side of the car, with another man driving. The car turned on the road toward the gate and bridge, driving through scattered workers and passing the group which surrounded the speaker in the field. A worker states that he observed Bennett shoot a tear-gas bomb from the car into the group, whereupon a number retaliated by throwing stones at the car. One of the stones struck Bennett on the head, and he is in the hospital. Another worker states that Bennett was also shooting with his pistol. The Detroit papers have presented a great variety of stories in relation to this incident. With one exception these stories picture Bennett as riding out on a mission of peace and good-

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will. One states that he waved a white handkerchief as a flag of truce; another that "he tried to pacify the rioters. He promised that in three or four weeks the plant would be going and that they would have jobs," and the answer was a shot at him. In one paper of early issue a Detroit detective is quoted to the effect that someone shot at Bennett, who emptied his pistol at the marchers and then turned and asked the officer for his gun. The next day another paper quoted the detective to the effect that he had never made such a statement, that he had not even seen the occurrence.

It was while most of the workers were gathered about the speaker at the roadside and others were leaving that a fusillade of bullets swept the scene. All the workers who were there and who were interviewed are of the opinion that the bullets came from a machine-gun planted at the gate, where the police, both public and private, were stationed. This fire was deadly. Here three workers fell dead, one a newsboy sixteen years of age. No one knows how many were hit. Nineteen are known to have been seriously wounded. There are varying estimates as to the number that suffered lesser wounds. The press fixes the number at about fifty. Representatives of the workers say that there are probably an additional fifty, including many whose injuries were treated privately and whose identities have not been disclosed to the public. The published lists contain many names with the designation "shot in the back."

More than fifty persons were held under arrest for several days. All were workers, although not a single officer has a bullet wound. No officer has been deprived of his liberty, although four workers are dead. The prosecuting attorney, Harry S. Toy, issued what the press described as a "ringing statement" about Communists, unlawful acts, criminal syndicalism, and the like. He stated that if he could not make a case to justify prosecution of the workers on some substantial charge, he would invoke the criminal-syndicalism law of the State of Michigan. Headlines state that the police are seeking leading Communists for questioning, in anticipation of the institution of criminal action against them. It is announced that William Z. Foster, who spoke in Detroit the night preceding the hunger march, is being sought "throughout the United States." Heroic efforts are being made to divert attention from the culpability of those who are responsible for the killing of the workers by endeavoring to raise a hue and cry about local Communist "leaders." Now, after several days of "investigation," which apparently were not productive of the findings desired, it is announced that the grand jury at present sitting will sift the entire matter "from both sides." Virtually all of those arrested have been released.

Autopsies were held upon the bodies of the four dead workers. Counsel for the workers asked permission of the coroner, Dr. Albert French, to have present a physician of their choice. They wanted to check the post mortem findings relative to the bullets, the character of the wounds, and other matters of vital importance in determining who did the killing and how it was done. The coroner agreed. It is frequently allowed. The coroner said as much himself. The next day a reputable Detroit physician appeared at the morgue to attend the autopsy. But the coroner had changed his mind. He referred counsel to the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Toy, who declined to give permission! And the autopsy was held without the workers' physician being permitted to attend.

The press of the city started by characterizing the incident as a "Communist riot." The dispatches uniformly presented the march as an attack against the Ford property, as a "Communist uprising," and the like. But a change of tone has already become manifest. Whatever may be the situation elsewhere, it cannot be disputed that Henry Ford is a very unpopular man in the city of Detroit, a distinction shared by the chief of his private police, Harry Bennett. It is also clear that there exists a wide and genuine sympathy for the workingmen who participated in the march. The reaction of the public, and in particular the reaction of workers, in spite of everything the newspapers have said, is one of extreme bitterness and hostility toward the Ford Motor Company and the police. There can be no question that this "riot" has aroused apprehension in the ranks of big business everywhere. On March 9 the Detroit *News*, the *Free Press*, and the *Times* all hit a new note, suddenly and simultaneously! The *Times* said editorially:

> Someone, it is now admitted, blundered in the handling of the throng of hunger marchers that sought to present petitions at the Ford plant in River Rouge. With hundreds of hungry men in line, little was required to kindle violence. The opposition offered by Dearborn police evidently changed an orderly demonstration into a riot, with death and bloodshed as its toll.

The *News* ran a story under the headline "How Orderly Hunger March Turned into Bloody Battle."

The Dearborn Police Commission issued a statement saying, "We feel sorry for the unemployed whom we have endeavored to aid."

The following resolution was adopted (but not made public) by the Wayne County Council of the American Legion (which embraces the city of Detroit) by a vote which was almost unanimous. The resolution was introduced by Leonard Coyne, an attorney who not long ago presented petitions for the nomination of John Lodge for mayor, the signatures having been obtained at the Ford plant:

> WHEREAS, On this date there was a demonstration against the Ford Motor Company at the gates of the plant in Dearborn by an organized group of Communists and other radicals and agitators who were bent upon the destruction of property and thereby endangered the lives of innocent officials and laborers; and
>
> WHEREAS, Such conduct is extremely detrimental and injurious to the great number of honest and sincere American workers who are not employed and for whose relief the entire organization of the American Legion of the United States is conducting a nation-wide employment campaign; therefore be it
>
> *Resolved,* That the Wayne County Council of the American Legion earnestly condemns such actions on the part of the organized agents and groups whose purpose is to foment discord and to destroy American institutions; and be it further
>
> *Resolved,* That we tender to the Ford Motor Company and other Wayne County industries the assistance of our organization and pledge them the support of all members in any further similar emergency.

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Presidential Possibilities

IV. Captain Hoover: Afloat in a Sieve*

By AMOS PINCHOT

THIS is an article about Mr. Herbert Hoover as a candidate for the Republican nomination. One finds, however, that in order to throw light on his qualifications one must neglect Mr. Hoover somewhat, and discuss in a more or less general way the strange situation in which America finds itself.

The first point I should like to make is this: For twenty years or more our leaders in both politics and business have been acting on the fallacy that we are a nation of producers —instead of a nation of producers and consumers, in which the welfare of industry hangs at all times on the public's power to buy. Weighed down by this misconception of the nature of industrial society, our ship of good times has foundered as inevitably as though, like the famous Jumblies in Edward Lear's "Nonsense Book," the American nation had put to sea in a sieve. Year after year, with fatuous faith in some heaven-sent denouement that would save us from the inescapable smash, our big-business hierarchy and the politicians and propagandists who fag for it have done all that was possible to encourage a colossal output of salable goods, and whip up a market for them, without giving thought to the dwindling purchasing power of the masses, by whom alone these goods could be bought. If this monumental folly and the greed that nourished it are not the cause of the depression in this country precisely as in Europe, which has been in the grip of the same producer's illusion, then no credible cause has yet been found, and we must conclude that we are victims of the "curse causeless" mentioned by Solomon in the twenty-sixth chapter of Proverbs.

When the smash actually came, Mr. Hoover's confidence in the policy that had brought it on was about the only thing in the country that remained unshaken. He went right ahead imagining that the consumer did not exist except as a sort of brassbound robot, whose pockets would refill automatically as fast as big business emptied them. He pretended that the millions of unemployed, transformed by hard times from consumers into paupers, were, if existent at all, but a small element in the problem. And as a last act to this tragic and depressing farce, he has left the great consumer class lying in the ditch where it fell, and centered the resources of the government on fortifying the producer class by every known device, plus a series of doles, bounties, and exemptions such as no one ever heard of.

It is now three years since the ship of the American Jumblies, manned by a crew of financiers, stock jobbers, industrialists, promoters, and propagandists, and captained by Mr. Hoover, passable jack of all these trades, sailed away on that disastrous four-year voyage that was destined to come to grief when but seven months out of port. That our Jumblies were afloat in a perfectly good sieve has now become plain. And besides, Edward Lear himself, authority on nonsense and prophetic historian of the Jumblies, is quite clear on the point, as well as on the means taken by Captain Hoover to avert disaster. In verses dedicated to a friend's grandchildren, around 1843, Lear wrote:

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And everyone said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat;
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin."

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

Leaving for the moment the more dramatic adventures of the Jumblies on their argosy in search of a land of perpetual bull markets, and passing over their captain's gallant efforts to save his sieve, we will discuss briefly the consequences of the producer-first theory which big business and its chore boy, the Republican Administration, have been applying to the Jumblies for the best part of a generation. As most people realize, the main result of this steady catering to the producer at the consumer's expense has been an immense concentration of wealth in the hands of a small industro-financial group, chiefly composed of rather ill-educated men, commonplace in most things except an overdeveloped instinct of acquisition. I do not propose to belittle the intelligence of *Nation* readers by dwelling on the disadvantages of concentrated wealth. I do want to say, however, that the chief objection to it is not that it makes a few people extremely rich and a great many extremely poor. That is certainly an objection. But unfortunately it cuts deeper than that. For in a civilization like ours wealth is merely another name for power over every phase and function of society. And when this sort of power is narrowly massed, it is dangerous. For it is almost sure to be used to control politics, fill the

* The fourth of a series of seven articles.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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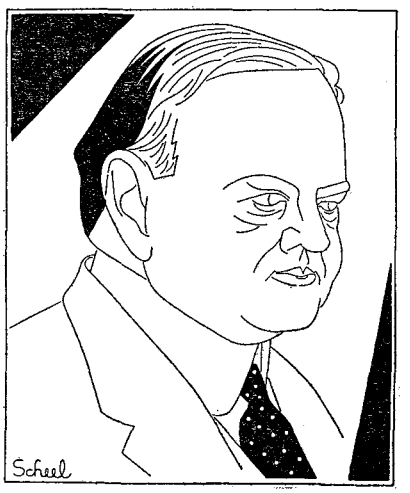
press with propaganda, and muddy the sources of public opinion to a degree that nearly disfranchises the electorate.

Now the second point I should like to make is that a man of Mr. Hoover's peculiar record and point of view has not been inducted into the White House except for quite definite reasons, the chief reason being that most of the great concentrations of wealth in this country are created by a method, or technique, that can only be employed under the shadow and protection of the government. This method, which I shall presently describe, is therefore not industrial, but industro-political. It accumulates wealth by a process in which industrial ability and service to the public play a large part, yet on the whole a secondary part, the determining factor being influence over politics, State and federal. But mainly federal.

We will take as an example of this method the story of the Standard Oil trust, for here the technique of accumulation is the same in essentials as that used by practically all the dominant industrial groups or trusts which make and sell our principal necessities of life. The foundation of the Standard Oil's success was an idea—the idea that if it could get the railroads to carry its barrel of oil at a lower rate than the barrel of its competitors, it could undersell the latter and destroy competition in the Ohio and Pennsylvania fields. This was done with surprising speed and thoroughness. Then, with competition out of the way, it put up the price of oil and its products; whereupon a torrential stream of wealth flooded the company's coffers.



There was one weak spot, however, in this technique of accumulation. It was illegal. For the common law, the constitutions of most of our States, and later on the anti-trust laws forbade monopoly. Favoritism in freight rates was also prohibited by our constitutions, railroad charters, and later by federal and State laws. Consequently, to carry on this technique, it became necessary to go into politics and keep the government from enforcing the laws. That this was done in a large way is evidenced by the fact that at one time the junior and senior United States Senators, certain key members of Congress, and the Governor and Attorney General in the principal oil-producing State, Pennsylvania, were all in the pay of the Standard Oil Company, as was shown when the Archbold letters were revealed.

The so-called beef, coal, steel, and sugar trusts, and various other groups whose power is intrenched in monopoly and price-fixing, have all made their accumulations by the industro-financial method. So have the tariff-built trusts. The government also does its bit for the great banks, in slightly different ways, and by methods lately disclosed through Senator Johnson's investigation of the relations of the Treasury Department to American flotations of the bonds of Latin American republics. The automobile business and a few others, like the chain stores, department stores, and mail-order houses, have been mainly non-political for reasons we need not go into now, but principally because they are not monopolies and do nothing illegal, and therefore require no protection. As for the public utilities, for which Mr. Hoover did not hesitate to become a propagandist while still Secretary of Commerce, their method of accumulation is essentially industro-political. For the size of their profits is commensurate with their ability to keep the government from enforcing the laws that provide for reasonable rates. Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, director of the Giant Power Survey of Pennsylvania and member of the Power Authority of New York, reports this month that rates charged to domestic and small commercial users throughout the United States are now, on the average, about 100 per cent higher than they ought to be. This implies not merely a terrific and illegal tax on the consumer, but a tight system of control by the utility people over our State public-service commissions and federal agencies charged with the duty of protecting the consumer. The fact is that the industro-political method of wealth accumulation has become so standardized that it can almost be embodied in a formula:

1. Special unfair advantage or privilege (whether legal or on the borderland of legality) destroys competition and creates monopoly.

2. Monopoly, which means the power to fix prices, produces immense profits, far in excess of what is necessary to carry on business.

3. These excess profits, or whatever part of them may be required, are used in controlling public opinion and politics in order to protect and preserve the industro-political technique of accumulation which is their source.

How does this formula, which traces the vicious circle of privilege, wealth concentration, and political corruption, bear upon Mr. Hoover's candidacy? It bears upon it because our big-business hierarchy cannot use the method embodied in the formula with impunity and full force except under a friendly President who will close his eyes both to its illegality and its effect on the consumer.

In this connection, we must remember that while, from the beginning of our history, the Presidency has been an office with immense power over economic life, this power has been increased in recent years to a fantastic degree by a multitude of economic statutes and commissions, such as the Sherman, Clayton, and Hepburn laws, and the Interstate Commerce, Federal Trade, and Tariff Commissions. Armed with these tremendous weapons, the President can literally make or break great financial and industrial interests; he can protect or betray the consumer, build him up or thin him down, and even shape the economic destiny of sections of the country.

The curious paradox about this is that as the office of the Presidency has grown larger and more formidable, the men who occupy it have tended to become smaller and more insignificant. This is because the big-business interests, which ordinarily dictate the nomination of Presidents, prefer weak, easily guided men, who will listen to orders and never interfere with their operations unless absolutely forced to by public opinion. Once in a while, through some strange chain of accidents, a strong, fundamentally decent man like Cleveland, Roosevelt, or Wilson turns up in the White House. But since the inflation of the Presidency into an office closely

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resembling an economic dictatorship, negative, biddable men like McKinley, Taft, Harding, and Coolidge have been the rule. The ideal President for big business, however, is not so much a man of this spineless type as an abler, more determined person, of such background, training, and bias that he will require little instruction and do the needful of his own free will.

Though his usefulness has been qualified by certain defects in temperament and a political gaucherie that sometimes makes Buchanan look like a statesman, Mr. Hoover distinctly belongs to the latter type and, on the whole, has done well for the group which installed him in the Presidency, the high points in his record of service being as follows:

After pledging his party to lower the tariff, he signed the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, modeled by the manufacturers on the producer-first theory. Through Mr. Mellon he has rammed home the producer-first theory by keeping down the taxes of the rich on the ground that heavy imposts would deplete the reserves of capital necessary for the development of industrial production. This despite the fact that the last thing this country needs is more production; that we already have too much industrial machinery; and that the banks are stuffed to the eaves with idle capital. His appointments to the Federal Power Commission are an important victory for the power trust, as is his recent recommendation that the Federal Trade Commission's appropriation should be radically cut, notwithstanding the fact that there is today no work being done by the government that promises larger benefits to the consuming public than the survey the commission is making of the practices and policies of the utility companies. His veto of the bill providing for the Boulder Dam federal power project was another and still larger jackpot for the power trust, since, short of general public ownership, the worst threat to the extortion now practiced by it would be a demonstration, by a federal plant, of the low cost at which electric current can be generated and sold. His action in the New River case, in procuring an opinion from the Department of Justice which, if followed, would logically have led to handing our undeveloped power sites over to the trust, exempt from federal control, is perhaps the largest hand-down to big business recently attempted by any Republican administration.

His shabby treatment of the farmers and his refusal to provide direct aid for our millions of wretched, starving people, or to make jobs for them in a large way through appropriations for roads and other public works, contrasted with his direct and prodigal relief to big business, are but additional proofs of the producer-first bias that makes his candidacy a challenge to the consumer. The sales tax now being steered, with the help of Mr. Hoover's Treasury officials, aims at the present writing to remove $600,000,000 from the consumer's pocket. This is about half the sum which Congress proposes to raise through the entire revenue bill.

The foregoing does not purport to be a comprehensive list of Mr. Hoover's policies and accomplishments. It is merely a line of stakes showing the direction in which he travels across the field of politics, and an indication that what we are receiving at his hands is quite readily distinguishable from government for all the people.

Nevertheless, ill-cast though he may be in the role of "shepherd of the people," Mr. Hoover has once more flung his somewhat battered hat into the ring. And we find ourselves approaching without much enthusiasm another Presidential campaign, in which the issues will no doubt be as unreal and immaterial as usual. For Mr. Hoover and (if Governor Roosevelt's nomination is blocked) some Democrat doing his best to look like a regular Republican will discuss nothing in particular—at least, nothing that might give big business the slightest cause for uneasiness; since each will be bidding against the other for the support of those august financial powers who alone can throw into the fight the motley army of mercenaries and propagandists which, like hired janissaries, will bring victory to the longest purse. In one respect, however, the 1932 campaign will differ from that of 1928, which, so far as Mr. Hoover was concerned, came down to his handsome offer to swap his millennium for our votes. Mr. Hoover cannot any longer inflame us with an offered entry into an earthly heaven, but he can soothe us, and no doubt will, with the prospect of a happy exit out of hell. In any event, something bright and shiny will be dangled before the eyes of the Jumblies, to shift attention from the embattled bankers, privilege seekers, and immunity hunters, who are already rallying to the hat of Hoover like the French to the plumed helmet of Navarre.

Whether, from the point of view of the long-suffering public, real progress could be made under the banner of what is now perhaps erroneously known as Republicanism, even with a first-rate man in the White House, is a matter of considerable doubt. That ancient and dishonorable harlot, the Republican machine, has sold herself so often to the highest bidder as to preclude much hope of reformation. The machine, not the party, has the power. And under the machine's dictatorship the party has sunk to an ultimate level of degradation, where it can almost be said that to be a good Republican one must be a bad citizen, or at all events an unobservant one. If it were not for a handful of decent leaders, State and federal, none of them "regular" and most of them in the farm bloc, who, in checking the excesses of the machine, save some shreds of its reputation, Republicanism would have been drummed out of politics long ago. Not that I mean to imply that the Democratic machine is strictly virginal. But her relative chastity is due less to her character than to the fact that till lately her suitors have been men of small means.

In spite of their present low ebb, the difficulty with our political system—that is, democracy—and our economic system—that is, capitalism—is not, in this writer's opinion, that they are unsound systems, or outworn, or unworkable. It is that we have allowed interested parties to inject into them a large amount of unfair advantage, privilege, and favoritism, which has bent and clogged their mechanism—badly, it is true, but by no means beyond repair. If our liberal leaders would unite and make a determined effort to get rid of this foreign matter, they would probably find that our political and business institutions, imperfect as they are, would serve our needs well enough. It is not the mechanism of civilization that counts, but the intelligence and purpose with which it is used. And to center attention upon changing and reforming this mechanism is to beg the real issue.

However, to make our institutions serve legitimate ends, the country does need a new party. The moral of all this being that the only chance our poor Jumblies have—if, indeed, in their present state of bewilderment they have any at all—is to let the Old Sieve sink and build a ship of their own.

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How to Tax the Rich

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE so-called insurgents in Congress doubtless derived a certain amount of grim satisfaction from the spectacle of Andrew W. Mellon, when, as Secretary of the Treasury, he was confronted with one of the largest budget deficits of all time. In private it is probable that some of them like to recall the vigorous but fruitless struggle which a few valiant souls carried on in 1926 against the reduction of the tax on higher-income brackets, a reduction sponsored by Mellon as necessary to stimulate greater business activity. No one denies, of course, that the years immediately following the cut in taxes were marked by exceptional business activity. There were days when men spoke confidently of "banishing poverty from the country." We were on the threshold of a golden era in which the mere mention of a possible depression was considered to be a highly unpatriotic act.

As we look back in perspective, however, there can be little doubt that Mr. Mellon's touching solicitude for the 400,000 men whose income exceeded $10,000 a year contributed largely to the disastrous stock-market boom of 1928-29. Most of the money saved on income taxes either served to bring about an overexpansion of industry or, what was more detrimental, went directly into the market and helped to inflate share values beyond any semblance of reason. If Mr. Mellon's sole purpose in life was to make the rich men richer than they had ever dreamed of becoming, he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose—for two short years at least.

His record in his official capacity, however, was not equally satisfactory. He estimated that the receipts from income taxes during the fiscal year 1931-32 would be more than $700,000,000 less than for 1930-31, and that the deficit for the current year would exceed $2,000,000,000—a record that has hitherto never been matched in peace times by the most profligate of governments. Not even the wicked "dole" in England or the costly social services fostered by the German government have resulted in deficits of such proportions. Although it is flagrantly unjust to lay the blame for the present budget shortage entirely upon the former Secretary of the Treasury, or even upon the Administration, there are men still living who can recall the days when the Republicans did not hesitate to take upon themselves the full credit for large surpluses which accrued in the nation's finances. Moreover, there is no question that the burden of the national debt would be much lighter today if the insurgents had had their way in 1926.

The amazing drop in income-tax receipts in 1931 leads one, moreover, to wonder how much of the decline is due to reduced incomes and how much is the result of a growing facility in dodging the tax. While the secrecy with which individual returns are shrouded makes it impossible for outsiders to detect specific cases of tax evasion, there are substantial reasons for suspecting the gradual growth of such evasion. An analysis of the income-tax reports for 1929 and 1930 bears out this suspicion. Despite the general depression, it is common knowledge that salaries were almost universally maintained at their former level throughout 1930, especially in the higher income groups. Yet the tax reports show a decline in wages and salaries of over 16 per cent. It is difficult to say how much of this represents an actual reduction and how much represents falsified returns, but it is likely that both factors were present. A glance at the next largest source of income reveals even more conclusive evidence. Although the total payments for interest and dividends in 1930 reached the highest mark since the war—$8,208,000,000 as compared with $7,588,000,000 in 1929 and $7,073,723,000 in 1928—the returns of the individual taxpayers indicate a decline of 14.5 per cent in this category over the previous year. This point carries especial significance when we consider the fact that 70 per cent of the corporation stock in this country is owned by the 1 per cent of the population "earning" over $10,000 a year, and that 43 per cent of our national income goes to the owners of land and capital.

Further evidence of the inadequacy of the present arrangement for tax collection may be obtained by a comparison of the income-tax reports with the estimated distribution of the national income. According to a careful and apparently accurate compilation, the gross income of the approximately 45,000 persons receiving more than $50,000 in 1928 was 9.4 per cent of the entire national income, or approximately $8,400,000,000; while the total tax paid by the 43,184 persons reporting a *net* income of over $50,000 was only $900,000,000. After making full allowance for the small difference in the number of persons involved, it will be seen that the tax paid by this group is less than 11 per cent of their total income, although the official tax rate for this income group in the year stated was 5 per cent plus a surtax of between 13 and 20 per cent. Even more startling results are obtained from an examination of the amount paid by the 355,000 moderately well-to-do persons whose incomes ranged between $10,000 and $50,000 during 1928. Although the total income of this group is estimated to have been approximately $8,800,000,000, the 339,000 persons reporting a net income between these figures paid only $220,000,000 in taxes—just 2.5 per cent of their gross income.

While none of the facts given above definitely establish the existence of wholesale tax evasion, they are reasonably convincing in view of the haphazard way in which the taxes are collected. There are few readers who would care to deny that evasion is widespread, although only the Treasury officials know how significant it actually is and they are unable to divulge the information. The real problem facing us is whether any other plan of taxation is likely to prove more successful than the present scheme, and it is impossible to give a categorical answer to this question. Much depends upon one's basic social philosophy. Those who look upon taxation as merely a means of obtaining enough revenue to carry on the government are likely to favor a general sales tax as the simplest and most effective method of achieving this end. On the other hand, those who are chiefly concerned about ameliorating the existing inequalities of wealth will

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defend the income tax, imperfect though it may be, because it places the burden upon those best able to afford it.

If we take the latter position—and few will argue against a more equitable distribution of wealth—our problem becomes one of enforcing the tax in such a manner as not to put a premium upon dishonesty. The chief difficulty of the present scheme lies in the fact that evasion is so easy for the average man that he is unduly tempted to forget a portion of his income. This difficulty would be wholly removed if all taxation could be collected at the source. The adoption of this principle would cause some shifting in the basis of taxation, but the writer is convinced that it could be administered with less difficulty than the present rather unwieldy scheme. It would, of course, be impossible to reach every source of income; but it is possible to devise a program of taxation which would furnish the necessary revenue yet would minimize dishonesty and at the same time diminish the present gross inequality of wealth.

While the details might be worked out in a number of ways, such a program of taxation would probably include: (1) a graduated tax payable at the source on wages, salaries, commissions, bonuses, and profits from private business operations; (2) an increased tax on corporation and business profits; (3) an increased levy on inheritance, and (4) a heavy tax on luxury goods. There would remain the problem of reaching special types of remuneration, especially unearned income. It might be possible to enact a law compelling investors to exhibit a receipt showing the payment of a graduated tax on all their investments, specified in detail, before a bank would be permitted to cash any dividend checks or bond coupons. Possibly a substantial turnover tax on securities would tend to restrict speculation and place the burden upon those who can best afford it. While none of these schemes would yield as much revenue in times of depression as in times of prosperity, it is only logical that the tax rate should be high enough to balance the budget in bad times and to provide a substantial surplus for the retirement of the national debt during boom periods.

Courage Wanted at Geneva

By M. FARMER MURPHY

Geneva, February 26

BEFORE this letter reaches the United States, the Assembly of the League of Nations called together to act upon the Sino-Japanese war may have come to a decision. Whatever it is, it will have tremendous meaning. It will show whether the collective world still wishes to preserve a code of honorable conduct among nations or whether it is resolved to abandon the conceptions of right built up painfully during centuries and relapse at once into barbarism. If through scheming and political bargaining and the play of imagined self-interest the Assembly should condone the deliberate breaking of treaties and the insolent flouting of League counsel and authority, that would be definite notice that official morality no longer exists. It would almost certainly extinguish the League of Nations as a living institution. It would put the imprimatur of the highest international authority on the implications of the derisive expression "a Chinaman's chance," and would unchangeably link the fortunes of every country which has nothing more than a just cause with that unfortunate individual's negligible opportunities. It would also make further deliberations of the Disarmament Conference an empty farce, for what good would the most progressive treaty accomplish if its signatories might violate it at will without even incurring the official displeasure of their collaborators?

On the other hand, a courageous stand by the League Assembly against the Japanese war would not only revive the dwindling faith in the League as an efficient instrument, but it would also be a striking example to the Disarmament Conference and a warning to it to do its clear duty. It is futile to make predictions about what will soon be known. The action of the League Council in dispatching a note to Japan reminding her of her responsibilities, and its last-minute appeal for an extension of the Shanghai ultimatum in order to allow attempts at a peaceful solution were signs of a changed attitude since its shilly-shallying behavior of last fall. They appeared to be hopeful indications. But whether they were symptoms of returning animation or only the last convulsive death rattle preceding dissolution will be determined by the results of the Assembly's meeting.

Meanwhile the Disarmament Conference is going about the business of completing organization by adopting plans of procedure and arranging the formation of committees. In this process it again rejected the simple proposal of the Soviet Union to accomplish disarmament by universally disarming and blowing up the gun and munitions factories. Only two hands were raised in favor of it—those of the Russian and Persian delegates. If this vote had disposed of the proposal finally, one might have said that it gave the measure of the sincerity of the conference, but as the question was raised on a point of procedure and not of merit, it was not susceptible of that interpretation. It will come up again in the regular order and then the vote will show how many countries are willing to break away from the piddling method of cheese-paring armaments and declare in favor of abandoning them altogether. If the Russian plan had been adopted at the outset—as of course it would not have been in any case—the conference would be over, and many a pleasant summer excursion in this vacation region would have passed into the category of unrealized pleasures.

The sessions of what is called the commission—that is, the general committee composed of the heads of delegations from every country—give the unhappy impression that the trading and scheming ways of the old diplomacy are already in operation. In the plenary sessions, when the nations were outlining their general policies, there were spots where speakers reached the heights, when the subject was lifted from the low level of expertism and pettifogging and exposed in its broad human terms. But so far in the meetings of the commission the performance has degenerated into a display of the maneuvering and bargaining characteristic of political conventions. Unless some personality of intelligence and sin-

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cerity comes upon the scene to dominate it, this situation will probably continue.

Signor Grandi has been absent in Italy and Dr. Brüning is necessarily kept at home by the exigencies of the domestic political situation. The lead has therefore been taken by Sir John Simon of England, who oozes unctuous phrases of indirection, and by Tardieu and his Slav and Balkan stool-pigeons. The French style of attack is to remain in the background at first and send in whippets from Jugoslavia, Rumania, or Czecho-Slovakia to prepare the way and develop the situation before the French come into action with the larger guns. The former Ambassador to Turkey, Herr Nadolny, who is acting for Germany, seems to fit naturally into this kind of picture. He has been active but not impressive. With what almost everyone except France and her satellites regards as an extremely strong case, Nadolny, instead of sticking to the general principles of fairness and justice on which his case rests, reveals a disposition to dicker for advantage and position. These are the methods that he is used to and nothing in the way of light or leading may be expected of him. It will be a good thing for Germany and for the conference when conditions permit Chancellor Brüning to return.

Someone has got to supply inspiration for the conference soon if it is not to become a mere convention of technologists, the results of whose labors can be expressed in mathematical symbols. It is the fashion even in this environment to sneer at idealists, but it does not take an idealist to recognize the difference between something living and something dead. Self-appreciating realists themselves ought to be the first to recognize a corpse when they see it. Even they should realize that unless some vital thought arrives to galvanize this body into a broader outlook, to stimulate it with deeper conviction and spur it into positive accomplishment, it will become the coldest and stiffest cadaver that ever graced a mortuary slab. It needs a soul. One would suppose that the war in the Orient would have aroused all these qualities, and, indeed, the first weeks of the conference gave the impression that it had had some such effect. But that impression is weakening as the motives actuating different delegations come to be revealed in the open discussions. High purpose, magnanimity, and a spirit of cooperation, which should animate an assembly of this kind, are now conspicuously lacking. Litvinov remarked that the animosities engendered by the war had not been softened but had increased and were even growing during the discussions of the conference. Instead of showing a disposition to be generous and to inspire generosity, almost every country is bristling with suspicion and trying to keep all that it has. Artemus Ward was determined that the Civil War should be put down if he had to sacrifice all his wife's relations, and the nations assembled here are bound to do away with war if it requires the destruction of all the arms of every one of their associates. They are willing to give paregoric and apply arnica, but they all shrink from the knife. Right and fairness seem not to enter into the calculations. When a just proposal presents itself, they are frightened and walk around it.

So it will continue as long as purblind statesmen lashed to the descending weight of the past are in charge of things. Unless someone with vision and courage arises to inspire the world and this conference with a hatred of militarism as such; unless people everywhere can be made to see that militarism is not a question of nationality, that it is not detestable only when it is German but also when it is French, or Japanese, or British, or Italian, or American; unless the fundamental human truth is recognized that putting a gun in a man's hand makes a militarist out of him, then disarmament conferences will get nowhere and this one least of all. It is perhaps too much to expect that such enlightenment will come within the next few months, but one may still indulge in the pleasures of hope. If the League Assembly renounces the standards of morality among nations, it will be difficult in the general gloom for even hope to see a star.

In the Driftway

TWENTY thousand dollars was awarded by a California judge the other day for damages to a husband who claimed his wife left him because of an advertisement for razor blades. The advertisement in question depicted a sad young woman with a suitcase, and the accompanying caption explained that her husband's carelessness about shaving—and his refusal to use X razor blades, of course—had been the last straw. In many ways the Drifter considers this award to be poetic justice. He has already expressed himself on the subject of shaving; every man of his acquaintance expresses himself with equal fervor at least four times a week. And when an irresponsible manufacturer encourages foolish women in their incomprehensible objections to a small amount of inoffensive beard, it is only right and just that he should pay for it.

* * * * *

THE awarding judge had a number of things to say on the subject of advertisements. "The advertisements of soaps and disinfectants!" exclaimed his Honor in high indignation. "Disgusting; ridiculous! There's the girl rejecting a young man whom she loves because he has B. O. Then there's the advertisement showing a woman in the most dejected attitude and with tragedy on every line of her face just because she is weary; and she is weary because she did not use a certain kind of soap flakes." The judge continued:

> Another full-page ad in that magazine I picked up last night showed a middle-aged father and three grown children in a huddle. The caption over the picture was "The family conference over Mother's pink toothbrush!" It couldn't have been more dramatic had Mother been on her deathbed. And what of the ad that shows a man reaching to tip his hat to the woman he wants to win, and suddenly being appalled, yes, appalled, the ad says, when he remembers he is getting bald? He dare not raise his hat. Were it the salvation of his immortal soul that was involved instead of thinning hair, there could not have been more consternation expressed in the advertisement!

* * * * *

THE judge did not make the point specifically, but the Drifter can be permitted to come back to his old thesis about the worship of Hygeia. We not only adore cleanliness and abhor filth in this country but we shiver at the very mention of disease. Everywhere we turn, on billboards, in public conveyances, in newspapers and magazines, we are kept

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constantly aware of the horrendous dangers that beset us on every side. Cough medicine, cold drops, indigestion pellets, remedies for all common diseases, usually under some new and fanciful name, are recommended to us whichever way we turn. We are either a nation of physical weaklings—or of moral ones, unable to resist the lure of the quick cure whether we have anything to cure or not. And the necessity for the cure is made to seem a moral necessity. Colds are public menaces; coughers should be placed in confinement; flabby muscles are a disgrace; neglect of the periodical health examination endangers the immortal soul. When rackets are mentioned, the health racket, surely the most extensive and most profitable of all, should not be forgotten. In the old days we spent our money for patent medicines and pink pills; now we are more scientific. We suffer from halitosis, intestinal toxicity, inferiority complexes, and athlete's foot. The Drifter sometimes finds himself longing for the good old days of lung fever and the stomach-ache, when the sinus had not been discovered and the only disinfectant was a sulphur candle.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Methods of Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While you theorize that the economic boycott is "one of the deadliest of war weapons"; that it "means unemployment, famine, starvation" for "the civilian population, women and children, as well as the military"; in China civilians, women, and children are not only losing jobs, homes, and food, but their lives—thousands upon thousands of human beings are being killed. This has been going on for months, and the end is not in sight.

You say that "we must make peace with the methods of peace." What are the methods of peace? Surely not the Nine-Power Treaty, the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact, the League of Nations, or world indignation.

New York, March 3 JANET SABLOFF

A Voluntary Boycott

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Isn't *The Nation* rather inconsistent to object to an American boycott against Japan? You have advocated the boycott as a substitute for war and highly approved of the Chinese boycott against Japan and the Hindu boycott against England. Of course in those cases there was direct action by the countries concerned, whereas action by the United States against Japan would be that of a third party for moral pressure only. In that sense, of course, a boycott would be a very difficult thing to put in practice without the aid of a propaganda campaign such as you mention.

Nevertheless, with Japan in the economic condition that has been pictured, a voluntary boycott supported by public opinion would have an immediate effect in Japan out of proportion to the amount of actual trade loss involved. Such a voluntary boycott would not involve government action nor would it of course have any effect on munition-makers who are exporting; but that end of the trade could be considered as an aid to peace rather than a hindrance, for the more Japan had to spend on fireworks without a compensating trade balance in silk the more her difficulties at home would increase.

The governments of the principal nations could stop the thing in two weeks if they would mutually agree on a complete embargo. No warships need be involved in such a policy. One nation could not do that alone, and any official action by this country in regard to a boycott would be taken by Japan as an unfriendly action. Its next move would be to capture the Philippines, then the fat would be in the fire for sure. But I can see no official repercussion to a voluntary boycott, and think you should have made the distinction in your editorial in the issue of March 9.

Tulsa, Okla., March 1 C. R. LONG

A Plea to Youth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We, the undersigned, are students, and as such we are vitally concerned with current social affairs. Students are not, as is often believed, isolated by their studies from the world's happenings, not even those who pursue "theoretical" subjects. These, as well as the more "practical" studies, have or should have a very direct bearing on social life. Unfortunately, students are at present overwhelmed with disgust at national and international affairs.

War is a near possibility, and it is the youth that it primarily concerns, for they are the ones who will be the first and the longest to suffer. Yet it is the youth who are the most powerless in preventing war. We who must suffer most can do least to avert it. We are ready for suffering and sacrifice if necessary for the good of society, but not for the blind, useless sacrifice of war.

If or when war comes, thousands of young men will be wrested from their homes, their work, their incompleted studies, through which they are becoming better able to benefit society. Most of them will not want to go, but go they will simply because to refuse would avail nothing and would be worse than acquiescence. To be jailed, branded as a coward, held down to virtual inactivity, with all the meaning of such a single and isolated protest completely snuffed out by the obscurity of the fate, would be worse than possible death in fighting. But many of us, if we knew we were part of a movement, would gladly suffer anything that would help to effect, even a little, the abatement of war. Is there no way of *getting together* so as to put our secret and suppressed wishes into action?

We hereby make this plea to youth and all who are interested in youth: Let us organize ourselves into an effective body ready to go into action when the call comes to leave our homes and our classrooms, either the call to war or the call for social reconstruction.

VESTA MACDONALD
ROBERT PALFREY UTTER, JR.

Berkeley, Cal., February 23

If the Soviet Should Fall

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The overthrow of bolshevism in the U. S. S. R." would to me mean a few things other than those mentioned by Mr. Fischer in his article If the Soviet Should Fall. It would mean, for instance, the glorious release of many thousands of the bravest and most devoted of Russia's sons and daughters from Siberian tundras, from Turkestan deserts, from "politisolators," from such hell-holes as Solovetsky. It would mean a

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people once again able to talk freely, to criticize, to expose, to suggest, to explain, to persuade, without being arrested in the dead of night and sent off God knows where without trial. It would mean an end of bluffing statistics and fake conspiracy trials. It would mean a tremendous growth in that industrial efficiency which the gangsters now in power have sought in vain through Taylor systems, forced labor, piece work, and poppycock. It would mean an end of the continual war-scaring, of conscription and the biggest standing army in the world, of fights over railroads in other countries. It would mean at last that free Russia for which so many noble hearts have died.

As Mr. Fischer himself says, there are no capitalists in Russia to take over things. Why should not factories be taken over by the people who work in them? Could not the farmers, who before the war were organized, many millions of them, in co-operative societies, carry on for themselves without the aid of soldiers in the fields, of Communist party bosses, or even of those wonderful experts who have not yet succeeded in raising as much wheat as was raised before the war? I say that the real way to get results in either field or factory is to rest them upon *responsibility*. Let the workers in each enterprise understand that the result of their labor is going to belong to them, not to either capitalist or commissar. Some of them will make mistakes at first—though hardly such asinine ones, I think, as some of those made by the heaven-sent geniuses of the party who never did a stroke of work themselves—but some will soon show the way. And while Russia is drawing out of her long dreary slough of despond, the workers of other countries may take heart again and once more think it possible to emancipate themselves from capitalism without having to abandon the ideas of liberty and humanitarianism, and fall into the new enslavement of an Asiatic despotism.

Los Angeles, February 27 T. H. Bell

For Readers in Brooklyn

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *Nation* readers who are interested in forming a liberal discussion group in Bay Ridge are requested to get in touch with me at 232 Dahlgren Place. Telephone: Shore Road 5-6413.

Brooklyn, March 10 Sophie Firstenberg

Contributors to This Issue

Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

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Ernest Gruening, editor of the Portland *Evening News*, is the author of "The Public Pays: A Study of Power Propaganda."

Richard McKeon has translated two volumes of "Selections from Medieval Philosophers."

Finance

The Tax on Sales

If the tax bill now before Congress is enacted into law, the United States will have joined the very considerable list of countries which, since 1918, have been forced by financial necessity to impose a tax on sales. This form of impost is not popular in Anglo-Saxon countries, though Canada employs it with success. It is disliked because it is not "democratic"; that is, it falls in equal amount and hence with unequal effect upon the rich and the poor, to the extent that their consumption approaches equality. There is, of course, an enormous disparity between the consumption of the rich and that of the poor, but the disparity is nowhere near as great as exists between their respective incomes.

Another objection has been that the imposition of the tax at various stages of production places a handicap upon the small manufacturing concern which must buy a large amount of partly finished materials, and works to the advantage of the great company which carries through most of the stages of production in its own plants. Thus, theoretically, impetus would be given to "vertical integration" in industry—a further acceleration of the tendency toward mergers which is already so sharply questioned from the standpoint of public policy; and the weaker manufacturers, already at a disadvantage in the competitive struggle, would be still further put to it to survive. Professor Alzada Comstock, whose "Taxation in the Modern State" presents in small compass a great fund of information on post-war tax development, remarks on this point: "The trouble with the argument is that in the history of sales taxes almost nothing can be found to support it."

Be that as it may, the framers of the sales-tax laws have had the objection in mind. In Belgium and Germany they attempted to meet it by applying the tax to inter-division sales; that is, partly finished materials supplied by one branch or subsidiary of a manufacturing concern to another branch or subsidiary were taxed as sales, just as though the articles had come from outside suppliers. Our own tax bill approaches the problem from the opposite angle. The intent is evidently to tax only the ultimate sale by the manufacturer of the finished goods. To avoid taxation prior to that, manufacturers are to be licensed, and sales from one licensed manufacturer to another, for purposes of further manufacture, are to be exempted. The same principle will apply to dealers in semi-finished goods, who are to be registered.

It should be noted, then, that the measure now before Congress provides strictly for a sales tax upon manufactures, at the manufacturers' prices, and not for that impost upon all transactions, wholesale and retail, which properly bears the name of turnover tax. Germany, hard pressed for revenue, has applied the tax to practically every form of sale, even including the services of doctors and lawyers. The yield of these imposts has been highly gratifying. Professor Comstock presents figures showing that in Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Belgium, and Austria the sales tax has produced from 14 to 22 per cent of total tax revenues, while in Canada the produce has amounted to one-quarter of all government receipts, exceeding the yield of the income tax.

To what extent the new tax will be passed on to the consumer, or absorbed by the manufacturer, is one of the most interesting questions raised by the proposed law. There is some evidence to the effect that in boom times the consumer pays the tax without grumbling, but that when prices are falling the producer pays it. S. Palmer Harman

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Books, Art, Drama

Machinal

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Speech was at last a terrible machine,
A mesh of wheels and pinions, never still,
Powered by some force outrageous and unseen,
Spinning above the heart's confusion, till
Even our thought was timed to that insane
Lucidity of motion, and we heard
Nothing save one sharp sound, again, again—
The senseless clang of word on iron word.

Sometimes I think, when I am listening
To this mad engine and its grinding gears,
That we are lost, though I had strength to heave
All human hate against the treacherous thing.
And would you, with its roaring in your ears,
Find silence any easier to believe?

Panorama

1919. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THIS novel is a sequel to "The 42nd Parallel," the second volume of what is intended, I believe, to be a trilogy. It is a better book than its predecessor, which was itself the outstanding American novel of 1930, though the Pulitzer prize for that year was awarded to an innocuous titbit called "Years of Grace." Like its predecessor, and like Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point," "1919" is really a group of four or five novels shuffled into each other. We begin with the story of Joe Williams, switch to that of Dick Savage, then to that of Eveline Hutchins, then back to that of Joe, then Dick, then Eveline, then Daughter, then Ben Compton, and so on. Interspersed among these parts of what might be called the novel or novels proper, are a series of "newsreels," "camera eyes," and brief biographies. The newsreels are composed of headlines of the day, scraps of speeches, popular songs. Compactly they convey a vivid sense of the emotional and ideological climate of the period. Apparently thrown in at random, the items are actually selected with great adroitness, and placed in ironic juxtaposition. Thus headlines referring to great battles or massacres will be found immediately above headlines about strong stock markets or record steel-company profits, speeches about idealism and our heroes just above or below some bawdy war song. The brief biographies support this sense of period and also forward what most readers will probably call the author's propagandistic purpose. Jack Reed, Randolph Bourne, Paxton Hibben, Joe Hill come out rather well in them; Roosevelt, Wilson, and the late J. P. Morgan come out rather badly. But Dos Passos has no complete heroes or complete villains; he has even an outward objectivity; he merely writes his biographies from a certain point of view, which happens to be sympathetic to communism. This point of view is implicit throughout the novel, and is revealed partly by the selection of the characters, and partly by what they say and do.

What is chiefly gained by the device of shuffling several stories together is the effect of panoramic sweep. We see the United States, the war, and the world from the standpoint of an ignorant proletarian sailor, of a middle-class Harvard man, a middle-class Chicago girl, an upper-middle-class Southern girl, and of an intellectual proletarian Jew. These characters sometimes meet one another, but only in the case of Dick Savage and Anne Elizabeth do they meet with any significant consequences. The story of each character is told in the third person, but, for the most part, from the standpoint of the first person. It is told in a style appropriate to that character's outlook, mental level, and vocabulary. This results in a certain gain in vividness and congruity, though the method is not without its drawbacks. The main effect of the novel stylistically is that of a flat rapid monotone. The writing is not as distinguished on its own account as was that in "Three Soldiers," nor are there any short passages as brilliant as some in "Manhattan Transfer."

If we compare Dos Passos with other of our leading novelists, we find no one who is his superior in range of awareness of American life. In his tone, he most nearly approaches Hemingway. He can be as "hard-boiled" as the latter, particularly when he is dealing with hard-boiled characters; his freedom of language is, if anything, greater; his viewpoint, also, is nearly as external and behavioristic. But he has a greater range of sympathy. It is very doubtful, for example, whether Hemingway could portray the thoughts of children and women as penetratingly as Dos Passos does. And his social sympathies, one might almost say his class passions, give a drive to his work that Hemingway's, with its comparatively sterile point of view, lacks. In its social implications Dos Passos's work is more nearly akin to that of Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, and still more to that of Upton Sinclair. But where Sinclair's people are wax dummies, Dos Passos's are alive and convincing. The contrast raises again the old problem of the propagandistic novel. *Are* "1919" and "The 42nd Parallel" propagandistic? Certainly in *effect* they are so; yet their effectiveness both as fiction and as propaganda lies in the fact that their communistic sympathies are never more than *implicit,* even in the newsreels and the biographies, while even these are, so to speak, insulated from the novel proper.

"The 42nd Parallel" and "1919" are not without their weaknesses. There is a certain monotony in them. The characters, caught in the maelstrom of the war, the armistice, the peace, do pretty much the same things; they drift, drink, fornicate, rebel, repetitiously; they are not as sharply differentiated from one another as one feels they ought to be. They either suffer from a singular shallowness of feeling, or what feelings they have are not, with a few exceptions, adequately conveyed to the reader. Like Hemingway characters, they appear to be almost complete extroverts. But perhaps this is only to say that the shortcomings of "1919" reflect the shortcomings of American life itself—and undoubtedly to some extent Dos Passos has intended that result.

HENRY HAZLITT

Cunarders

Spanning the Atlantic: The History of the Cunard Line. By F. Lawrence Babcock. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

MR. BABCOCK'S readable volume is far less a history of the Cunard Line than the story of the Cunard ships. While he has done that well, and brought out clearly the extraordinary safety of the Cunard vessels, he has not let us into the secret of the line's success save to tell us that no one can become a fourth officer on a Cunarder until he has a master's license in his pocket. How that discipline and esprit de corps are kept up; how the line has been financed in

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late years, and the extent of its dividends; how the ships are provisioned, etc.—these things Mr. Babcock leaves to the imagination. Yet his book is not a mere semi-official eulogy; it is a straightforward narrative. He has, however, evidently not read the official inquiry into the sinking of the Lusitania, and so we have only an inadequate treatment of that dreadful disaster and no light as to whether in his opinion the captain was derelict in running her under after she was hit, and why it was that although he was warned by the Admiralty of the submarine danger, the portholes were not closed, the boats swung out, life preservers distributed, and other precautions taken. This war-time episode does not, of course, detract from the marvelous record of the Cunard Line, which ever since July 4, 1840, has been illustrating the very best that private capital can do in a public service. It has never gouged; it has always been progressive as to its ships while extremely conservative and entirely responsible in its management; and has therefore won well-deserved loyalty and devotion from the public. Unfortunately, what was to be its greatest achievement—the 75,000-ton steamer which was to have rewon the Atlantic blue ribbon for England and the Cunard Line—lies unfinished on the ways. Finally, Mr. Babcock's book is marred by such execrable proofreading that one wonders how Alfred Knopf came to allow so discreditable a volume to appear under his imprint.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"What a Set, What a Set!"

Lorenzo in Taos. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

IN 1921 Mabel Dodge sent D. H. Lawrence two Indian herbs of magic potency and a letter inviting him to New Mexico. She also drew herself "into the core of my being where there is a live plangent force lying passive," and *willed* him to come. Then Lawrence—whether because of the herbs, the plangent force, or merely his own innate tendency to want to be wherever he was not—did in very truth arrive; and concerning the adventure Mrs. Dodge has written a vivid and fascinating book indispensable to anyone interested either in Lawrence or in the intimate antics of an eccentric, cantankerous group which divided its time between the contemplation of the ineffable and the elaboration of intricate, all too human quarrels.

One may doubt the success of Lawrence's avowed purpose "somehow to bring together the two ends of humanity, our own thin end, and the last dark strand from the previous, prewhite era." Indeed, he does not seem to have got along any too well even with Mrs. Dodge's Indian husband Tony. But here at least is as pretty a kettle of queer fish as one may hope to meet, and with all due respect to Lawrence's great talents as a writer it is difficult not to get a new understanding of Matthew Arnold's attitude, or not to exclaim after him, "What a set, what a set!" Lorenzo flaming in white fury because a caller has thought fit to use in his presence one of the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables now familiar to all readers of "Lady Chatterley," Tony attributing the breakdown of the automobile to a snake in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Dodge rushing out in her kimono to learn from an excited third party that Lawrence's wife had told *him* that Lawrence had told *her* that he was determined to "destroy" his hostess—all these are surely unforgettable pictures. Mrs. Dodge dots her i's and crosses her t's, and when there is a fairly well-known name to be mentioned in any intimate connection she never fails to mention it.

Doubtless purely commonplace factors would be sufficient to explain why it was so difficult to get on with the serious business of discovering a new way of life and of cultivating that superconsciousness which, so both were convinced, exists somewhere outside the brain. When Mrs. Dodge undertook to "save" Lawrence from his far-from-negligible Frieda, it was inevitable that a quite unesoteric tension should be produced, and it must be difficult to concentrate on the composition of a mystical work with a man whose wife insists upon seizing the occasion to do housework all over the place.

It is, however, worth while to point out that Lawrence and Mrs. Dodge were also temperamentally quite different despite certain superficial similarities. Both were perpetually in full flight from everything which seems rational, and the latter was talking Lawrence's lingo when, for example, she explained to him how at different periods in her life she had "awakened at the different great centers . . . first in Buffalo, the lower sex center; in Italy, the emotional, nervous, aesthetic center at the solar plexus; in New York, the exciting, frontal brain center where ideas stimulate and whirl one about; and then how, in Taos, Tony had gradually awakened my dormant heart, Tony and the mountains of Taos." Lawrence thought that she had "a terrible lot of the collective self" in her—whatever that may mean—and all seemed to be well. But Mrs. Dodge was an instinctive believer and Lawrence an instinctive despiser. She would clutch eagerly at anyone who held out a promise of mystic salvation, whether it was Freud, Jung, Gurdjieff, or Tony; he invariably revolted against anything which was actually offered and could not endure anyone who agreed with him. "No, *never* adapt yourself. Kick Brill in the guts if he tries to come it over you. Kick all America in the guts: they need it. Foul enough, with their overriding of life." But of course he reserved to himself the right to despise even America, and when in London Osbert Sitwell dares to "loath" it on his own, then, "My God, it makes me want to come back there, to get away from these European pap-driveling little boys. They see *nothing* in America at all; not even the *real* menace; and none of the grim Yankee dauntlessness, which has *not* got its bottom swathed in a napkin. Anything, anything, anything for a bit of dauntless courage." Tortured though he was, Lawrence remained intelligent enough to recognize nonsense, even his own, once it had been formulated, and so he never really embraced any of those formulas for salvation toward which he was irresistibly driven by his agonized despair.

It was, moreover, this inveterate negativism which doomed to failure his last effort to find outside of himself what he was looking for. Just before coming to New Mexico he had discovered that the Buddhists—whom he had so much admired from a distance—had "nasty faces" and "little vulgar dens" for temples. Now he was to discover that the business of uniting "our own thin end" with the "dark strand" of Indian consciousness did not work out so well either. "This poking and prying into the Indians is a form of indecency," and it ought to have been evident that all was over when he got around to writing the characteristic fragment which includes the following passage:

> As for a common sympathy or understanding that's beyond imagining. West is wild and woolly and bad on purpose—highbrow is bent on getting to the bottom of things and saving the lost soul down there in the depths. . . . And so everybody smirks at everybody else, and says, tacitly: "Go on. You do your little stunt, and I'll do mine"—and they're like the various troupes in a circus, all performing at once, with nobody for master of ceremonies.

Fundamentally, Mrs. Dodge had made the mistake of supposing that Lawrence really wanted what he thought he wanted or really meant exactly what he seemed to say. So there was some talk of his riding into the desert never to be heard of again, but Frieda won the victory despite his indulgence in a metaphysical flirtation. That he liked Mrs. Dodge is evident from the fact that he wanted to "destroy her"—his way of exhibiting interest in anything. Moreover, the climate of

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New Mexico was perhaps the best in the world for his tubercular constitution, but his invincible will to destruction took him away at last to his death. Previously he had written: "I rather hate therapy altogether—doctors, healers, and all the rest. I believe that a real neurotic is a half-devil, but a cured neurotic is a perfect devil. . . . I would prefer that the neurotics died." And he had at least a part of his wish.

Mrs. Dodge's book is made more valuable by the inclusion of a large number of Lawrence letters of first importance for understanding him, but I am not sure that such understanding will add much to one's estimate of the man whose writings were justly regarded as amazing because of their intense and irritated eloquence. He had a brain and, perhaps, a very good one; but it was all too seldom that his nerves would let him use it. How long the interest in him will last will depend upon how long mere nerves continue to hold the fascination which they have certainly held for those "intellectuals" whom intellect has betrayed. I suspect, however, that the class as a whole is beginning to realize that, of the two betrayals, betrayal by the mind is to be preferred.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Rise of Nicholas Butler

Looking Forward. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

NO one in high place is speaking out more forthrightly and more pertinently in condemnation of our national shortcomings than Nicholas Murray Butler, and his position as well as his previous conservatism lends weight to these utterances. Eloquent, forceful, intensified by vigorous epigram, the thirty addresses published under the title "Looking Forward—What Will the American People Do About It?" constitute one of the few important contributions to contemporary thinking since the depression began—exemplifying an intellectual leadership in a nation where leadership has been so conspicuously lacking.

Twelve of the addresses were delivered before the "crash." For consistency's sake, some of these might better have been omitted from the volume. They do not measure up to President Butler's subsequent utterances—as the magnitude of the economic disaster became apparent. The inconsistencies are due, doubtless, both to the changing times and to the varying environment in which the addresses were delivered.

Thus President Butler's latest view—December 1, 1931—"to face forward means to achieve a new, a larger, a higher view of the meaning of a nation, and of that feeling and affection for it and devotion to it which is patriotism. Nations can no longer be conceived as ends in themselves. . . . The last place to look for security is in armaments and the last way to seek prosperity is through isolation," contrasts with his expressed disapproval, in an Independence Day address, July 5, 1926, before the American Society in London, of contemporary tendencies "to displace patriotism by a vague internationalism that will take no account of history or tradition or inheritance." Nor would he be so apt to say today with the positiveness exhibited in 1927 of the Russian experiment: "It is failing."

It is, however, wholly to Dr. Butler's credit that he has grown apace, that he has been among the first, perhaps, of the important former conservatives to face the profound implications of events since the fall of 1929. It is to the credit of the college president who in 1917 caused the dismissal of Columbia faculty members because they dissented from America's participation in the World War, exercising their constitutional right in forwarding a protest to Congress, that he could in his Disarmament Day address on November 11, 1931, unqualifiedly condemn war, demanding that governments refrain from preparing for it, abolish armies and navies, and consign the implements of war to museums, saying, "The doctrine that men can be neither safe nor free in any other way [without perpetuating armaments] is too grotesque to be listened to with patience."

Yet even before the 1929 collapse, it is but fair to say that President Butler sensed much that was wrong with our United States. On September 1, 1929, he pointed out that wealth had taken the position which liberty formerly occupied, and, though a lifelong Republican party leader, in the same address unsparingly condemned the tariff. Likewise he declares that "the two-party system has broken down"; that both major political parties are "frankly opportunist"; that we cannot preserve America by lip service, by tribute to the great names and personalities of the past; that the status quo cannot be maintained; that we must act vigorously and at once lest it be "too late to stem the tide of discontent, of disorder, and of political and economic revolution"; and that "great masses of men will not indefinitely sit quietly by and see themselves and those dependent upon them reduced to penury and want while that which we call civilization has so much to offer, commands such stupendous resources, and seems capable of accomplishing almost anything." These last two within the year.

It is a pity that President Butler is not today an active candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. He is infinitely better qualified in his present approach to national and world issues than in 1920, when he was presented by the State of New York as its candidate and received sixty-nine and one-half votes in the convention. His contemporary thinking on disarmament, internationalism, unemployment, tariffs, and prohibition is far ahead of that of the major party leaders ("midgets in the seats of the mighty," Dr. Butler deems them) who seem likely to win the Presidential nomination.

His, in short, is a credo for those who believe, with the reviewer, that the means of reconstruction may be found within the traditional American scheme, that an evolutionary solution to our great and pressing difficulties, and a closer approximation to our postulated aim of achieving "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are attainable without resort to the exotic alternatives of fascism or communism.

ERNEST GRUENING

Current Soviet History

Pan-Sovietism. By Bruce Hopper. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THIS book is a pleasant surprise. From the fact that it is a Ph.D. thesis, one expects it to be rather dull. The title is unfortunate and gives no idea of the rich contents. "Pan-Sovietism" suggests something controversial, excessively interpretative, and difficult of demonstration. Plain "Soviet Russia" sounds much more interesting. Mr. Hopper's volume actually takes the story where Chamberlin left it in 1929, and brings it more or less up to date. It is current Soviet history, and includes discussions of the newest Russian developments and problems—Five-Year Plan, "forced" labor, the task of training the necessary technical personnel, the difficulty of industrializing a backward country and a nation handicapped by the inheritance of a phlegmatic nature and a semi-Asiatic psychology, the struggle between capitalist and socialist economy, collectivization, and the like. Throughout the book a hard-boiled realism, combined with fine human touches from the author's personal experiences in the U. S. S. R., compensates for some rather heavy sections on very elementary phases of the Russian situation. Too many ABC's receive attention, while many of the absorbing complexes of Soviet life are dismissed in a paragraph or two.

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Mr. Hopper manifests keen appreciation of Soviet achievements and especially of changes in mental outlook, despite unfortunate legacies from the past to which he attaches great importance. He gives a number of examples: In November, 1927, the American colony in Moscow walked behind the red-draped coffin of a young Chicago revolutionist who had worked with Borodin in China; a rare woman. Hopper was in the procession to the crematorium. A Russian worker stepped up to him and asked: "Is she ours?" Hopper replied that she was. The worker joined the procession. On another occasion a taxi chauffeur refused to drive Hopper because he had called him a fool. "I am a citizen of the Soviet state," the Russian proudly announced. That is the same Russian who probably grumbles very loudly over food shortage, bureaucracy in Moscow, and other weaknesses of the Bolshevik system.

Mr. Hopper believes that bolshevism will prove an economic success and then stretch out for markets in Asia, where the struggle for world domination will be fought between Russia and America. When? Is not Russia itself one of the three great markets? The Bolsheviks must meet domestic demands first. The other two customers, India and China, are rich potentially but possess very little purchasing power today. India is closing its doors even to England, and its own bourgeoisie is industrializing the homeland. What chances, then, have the Bolsheviks in India? And China? The Celestial Republic counts 400,000,000 inhabitants, but they consume less than California. Moscow must pour billions—billions of dollars, not rubles—into China to develop its vast resources before the yellow man can buy Soviet goods. Can Moscow do that when the job of industrializing Russia is only just begun? Before Russia can meet with America in the death combat for foreign markets, it must supply its own market. Very little of what Russia exports is surplus unless it be ideas. Let us not lose all sense of proportion and exaggerate Soviet triumphs. This is as grave an error as daily expectation of Soviet collapse.

LOUIS FISCHER

The Middle Ages

The Middle Ages: 300–1500. By James Westfall Thompson. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $12.50.

The Decline of the Medieval Church. By Alexander Clarence Flick. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $12.50.

Thomas Aquinas. By M. C. D'Arcy. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

UNDETERRED by the maze of scholarly disputes and the massive literature that has grown about the Middle Ages, Professor Thompson has made a courageous attempt to state in ten hundred pages the results of research into the political, economic, and intellectual history of twelve hundred years. His method has been to divide the task into parcels, sometimes geographic or political (a chapter each devoted to the Roman Empire and Islam, two to the Hundred Years War), sometimes topical (a chapter each on Monasticism, Education, Literature), and to follow closely in each the authorities acknowledged in the last page of the preface. It is a method admirably suited to put before the reader the results of scholarship, but it has its attendant dangers: Professor Thompson finds it necessary, in distributing his material through the chapters, to break up his narrative and return to a given person or a given event in several different contexts, and his citations from authorities are not always made with clear warning that authorities are seldom in agreement.

Even the reader who has read only this history will find reason, if his memory is good, for questioning some of its statements. For example (p. 70), Jordanes drew upon Gothic legend and saga to write a history of the Goths, and (p. 227) Cassiodorus wrote his lost "History of the Goths" at the command of Theodoric, but later (p. 799) the reader learns that Jordanes's history was "chiefly cribbed from Cassiodorus's lost 'History of the Goths.'" The final impression, derived after so many pages, is uncomfortably vague and not entirely accurate, since Jordanes, in his dedicatory epistle, states that his purpose is to give a brief résumé in this small book of the twelve volumes of Cassiodorus; he specifies that although the work was not accessible when he wrote, he had read it previously in three days, and he remembered, if not the words, the sense and the events; moreover he purposed to add some details from other histories. Or, again, sometimes the uncoordinated authorities make the narrative needlessly disjointed: thus, on a single page (763), relative to the revival of Roman law, there are three references—one to Garnerius, one to the famous four doctors of Bologna, one to Irnerius; but it is not pointed out that Irnerius was the same person as Garnerius and that he was the master of the four doctors.

There are numberless statements with which the reader who has read other histories might quarrel. To illustrate the "amazing quantity" of the writings of Aquinas it is pointed out that they fill twelve folio volumes in the Vatican edition; however, that edition is incomplete—in 1918 it contained thirteen volumes; the thirty-four quarto volumes of the Vivès edition are better indication of the mass of Thomas's labors. Or (p. 756) William of Champeaux is said to have retired to the seclusion of the cloister of Saint-Victor; whereas he retired to an impoverished chapel of Saint-Victor, near which he founded an abbey and school to which he gave that name. Or, again, the "Isagoge" (i. e., the Introduction) of Porphyry is referred to constantly as the "Isagogia," until (p. 780) it is explained that the Introduction is a paraphrase of the Categories of Aristotle (which it most certainly is not, since it treats of the five predicables, not of the ten categories), and the inference is made that since Gerbert commented on it, he "had only a Latin translation of a Greek paraphrase of the original," although the next sentence of the text adds that Gerbert commented on the Categories too. In the same passage "attribute" is listed as one of the categories (which it is not), and the titles to the treatises of Boethius are mistranslated. But such slips, though they might be listed indefinitely, are the price one must pay for a book of such broad scope; Professor Thompson's work is as serviceable an introduction as the student will find to the history of the Middle Ages.

Dr. Flick's study of the church during the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries is an analysis of the problems of the Babylonian Captivity and the Great Western Schism in terms largely of their economic and financial background. The doctrinal details of the controversies scarcely emerge (Ockham's great "Dialogue" is passed over as "a vast mass of almost unreadable disputation"); important philosophers move across the pages as participants only in papal quarrels; churchmen distinguished in the intellectual history of the church are ignored if they had no part in its political history; and, occasionally, if they shared the two interests, they become two men as Peter D'Ailly and Peter de Aliaco are two men on page 303 and one on page 398. Yet the papal financial system is set forth with engaging detail, and the volumes present an extremely useful collection of information concerning the economic organization, the revenues, and the expenditures of the medieval church.

Father D'Arcy has added one more to the numerous recent books on Thomas Aquinas. This is a comprehensive and readable treatment, which is designed to make the thought of Thomas intelligible and interesting to readers versed only in more recent speculations. On several occasions in the course of the exposition the reader is assured that some portion of a demonstration is not to be taken seriously (as pp. 163, 178),

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and the physical theory is passed over rapidly as antiquated. Moreover, although Thomas did not have the benefit of an idealistic approach to philosophy, Father D'Arcy makes up for this deficiency and expounds the theory of knowledge first, then the metaphysics—before the theology, the physics, and the ethics are presented. This modernization is made possible by the sacrifice of Aristotle, and consequently is at the expense of slighting the seriousness of not a few points of the Thomist doctrine, but the result is none the less an instructive introduction to the philosophy of the Angelic Doctor, and it should be useful to those students of philosophy who have not yet learned that medieval philosophy can be presented by a modern writer sympathetically.

RICHARD MCKEON

Books in Brief

The Harbourmaster. By William McFee. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

After the manner of Conrad's Marlow, Mr. Spenlove, the chief engineer of the Camotan, while that ship is lying off Puerto Balboa, tells the life-story of his friend Captain Fraley, the harbormaster of the Central American port. It takes in the early days that the two Englishmen spent together as junior officers, their service in the Aegean Sea during the war, the meeting of Captain Fraley with Francine, the French girl who became his mistress, and finally the misunderstanding that contributed to Francine's death and Captain Fraley's suicide. Remarkable characters are introduced, notably Francine herself, enigmatic, capricious, but always loyal to her lover; and El Greco, the gambler with the heart of gold. But though the plot is complicated and the characters "colorful," the reader's main interest is not in Mr. McFee's story. It is in his side comments, his manner. When we have forgotten the details of Francine's downfall we still remember Mr. Spenlove's—that is, Mr. McFee's—impressions of Greenwich Village, or of a certain American newspaper—"the yellowest of the yellow, with cartoons of a bloated Wall Street capitalist seated on the neck of a shop girl, or the American eagle with his talons in the throat of the British lion. . . . It was, I recall now, a paper for people who think. It certainly made me think." Mr. McFee's bland manner is by no means original, owing a great deal to writers of a previous generation, particularly Anatole France; but it has the decided advantage of being entertaining throughout.

Run, Sheep, Run. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Horace Liveright. $2.

Communism, the American brand of it, provides the background for this latest novel by Maxwell Bodenheim. A chapter is devoted to a riot in front of City Hall, New York; there is a scene in the Cooperative Cafeteria on Union Square, followed by a bacchanalia in the Chelsea apartment of Myron Cohen, the editor of a Communist magazine. The hero, George Romaine, wants to devote his life to the cause of the proletarian revolution. He is involved in a love affair with Anne Rubens, a pretty and delicate Jewish bourgeoise who writes poetry. After being beaten up in the City Hall riot, he decides to break away from a life that he considers to be hypocritical. He goes South and works in a cottonseed-oil factory, to have actual experience of labor conditions. But the life is needlessly brutal, outside the factory as well as in it, and, although he has been attracted to a sturdy Irish girl named Kathleen Kishan, he hoboes his way back to New York—and, he imagines, to Anne. But she, he discovers dramatically, has married a Park Avenue millionaire. He decides to return to the South and get Kathleen, feeling that it is only from simply sturdy people like her

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that the revolution can spring. As seems to be customary in Mr. Bodenheim's novels, a great deal of space is devoted to sex—more, in this case, in fact, than to communism. There are intimacies on the capitalist divans of Sutton Place, on the Communist sofas of Chelsea, and on the grass of the suburbs that must surely appeal to the typist public. Less prurient readers will be interested in what the novel reveals of the Communist movement in America—a subject that is most excellently reported here.

Emotional Currents in American History. By J. H. Denison. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

Mr. Denison now attempts to show on a more limited scale than in his "Emotions as the Basis of Civilization" that emotionalized thoughts create history. Control of emotion by wise guidance, he holds, may lead to unity and prosperity. The old herd instinct is still powerful in counteracting the rebellion of liberty against authority. But in a democracy there are two dangers: lack of proper emotions to establish solidarity and to maintain laws, and, on the other hand, that over-devotion to liberty and justice which rebels against all authority until it menaces public welfare. Most of the book is devoted to a brief summary of our history, stressing emotional currents in politics. Nothing new or startling by way of factual or interpretative history is introduced. The emphasis follows that of the standard texts. In conclusion, six chapters, more or less speculative, interpret emotions regarding sex, religion, class stratification, racial differences and sectionalism, social responsibility and the new bondage, and propaganda. In developing a new approach to an old subject, an author cannot hope for complete success. Mr. Denison deserves credit, however, for the attempt, even if superficial judgments and a decidedly "emotional" style sometimes detract from the achievement.

Boom in Paradise. By T. H. Weigall. Alfred H. King. $2.50.

Mr. Weigall has produced nothing to justify calling him, as Burton Rascoe does in an introduction, the "historian of the Florida land boom." Such virtue as the book has lies in the fact that it is a record of personal experience. Cuba's President is misspelled "Marchada" and Florida's great lake "Ochechobee."

Forgery in Christianity. By Joseph Wheless. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

Mr. Wheless, once the smartest Sunday-school scholar in Tennessee, is now the world's champion Bible buster. Being taught that the Bible was infallible, he set out to master the Book with adolescent enthusiasm. Unfortunately for his orthodoxy, he read the Bible too much and became acutely aware of its all too human character. Growing indignant, he determined to refute the dogma of divine inspiration in a more devastating manner than anybody had yet done. His first anti-Biblical opus, "Is It God's Word?" was an exhaustive critique of the claim of divine inspiration based on the internal evidence of the Bible. Now Mr. Wheless attacks the Bible from the standpoint of external evidence, claiming that both the Jewish and Christian Scriptures were foisted upon the world by pious forgery and fraud. For proof he has gone largely to Christian sources. His method has been mainly to collect passages redolent of superstition and credulity from the Christian Fathers, and passages which either overtly or by implication contradict some Christian tradition or doctrine from the Fathers, the "Catholic Encyclopedia," or the "Encyclopedia Biblica." While Mr. Wheless overworks his theory of intentional fraud, he has compiled enough evidence to convince any fair-minded person that pious fraud and forgery played a very considerable part in the production and canonization of Holy Writ, and also in the genesis and propagation of Christian doctrine.

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Art

The Photography of Stieglitz

ONE objective of the young Stieglitz was triumphantly achieved by the show of 127 Stieglitz photographs until recently on the light walls of An American Place. It was the aim of the youthful photographer to demonstrate the parity, at the very least, of his means with all sacrosanct aesthetic means; to exhibit its special, pertinent, and perhaps unlimited capacities as a medium of pure expression. And the theorem is now demonstrated; and with a grand emphasis which the ardent champion of forty years ago could scarcely have anticipated. The prints, representing forty years of growth, actually conveyed, with the foreseen immediacy of music, or poetry, or painting, an unpredictable immensity of human experience. And the maturity, the subtlety, the tragedy of the feelings of the forces of life communicated by them go far to place the man's entire work among the prime realizations of our world.

Previous shows of Stieglitz's photography had proved that in his hands, and perhaps in his alone, the straight photographic medium was as capable of creating, out of the welter of characteristics present to the dead eye of the camera, forms as complete, self-declarative, and living as those accessible to pencil or chisel or brush; and that it was able to rank with any means communicative of the forces confessing themselves through form alone. In fact, from the beginning, none of the itinerant young American's plates had been merely descriptive and documentary. All had been objectivities. All had given rhythmic organization, by means of the architectural powers latent in the medium of the camera and felt by Stieglitz, to the appearances focused by the lens. All had represented these appearances as the elements of two mutually complementary, significant movements, respectively recessive and progressive. Still, this most recent of all Stieglitz's photographic shows was surpassingly happy in the interest of the forms exhibited, and the inclusiveness of the experience of life conveyed by them. Here, if ever, one saw abstract photography; photography projecting feeling purely and almost independently of the instrumentality of the subject matter. Indeed, in some of the photographs based on cloud shapes, subject matter was entirely non-existent: what one saw was mere fabulously delicate markings in black and white.

In all cases, the subject matter and artist were one: what confronted one was simultaneously the momentary appearance of the object registered with the delicacy and precision of the scientific apparatus, and a system of relationships of black and white representative of the system of values created in the artist by his experience, and expressive of the unseen forces at work in things. In themselves, these systems of black-and white relations were extremely subtle. They included dramatic dispositions of almost infinite blacks and whites; lines prodigious in their fineness and forcefulness and liveliness.

What these machine-made products conveyed was of particular moment to us here in America. It was the state of life of New York during many years, more finely, deeply, definitely grasped by Stieglitz than by any other recorder. One felt the cheapness, the chaos, the vaulting ambition, the crass bulk and push, the miserable collapse, of pressing forces. Other prints expressed a wonderfully lofty feeling of the wonder and tragedy of life in general: there was something supremely high and inclusive in these images of the tragic career of spirit itself, errant, aspiring, fragile in the infinite abysses of the universe.

We owe this expression of lofty feeling to a long-mature appreciation of the spiritual fact, accompanied by a capacity to

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release the feeling of the whole of things engendered by this receptivity in the terms of the photographic medium. The psychic process evidently involves a very prompt ability to read from the appearances of things the forces of life which produced them and whose presence they attest, a swift capacity for appreciating the contrasting values which give these traits significance, and a capacity to conceive the entire mass of characteristics as a significant play of chiaroscuro. Precisely how the formless play of light presented by things to the dead eye of the camera becomes an orderly, expressive system of references and relationships, borders upon the miraculous: for there can be no attribution of persistent, multiform photographic organization such as that exhibited by the entire work of Stieglitz to accident. It is true that nature is rhythmic, that moving skies and the textures of skins form patterns. Nevertheless, the persistent ability to convert, without interference or prearrangement, the kaleidoscopic play of light and shadow presented by the turmoil and movement of the streets into the notes of a complex pictorial organization, into the notes of a structure in which everything has significance and beauty, forces us to conceive a certain readiness within the artist for the instantaneous cast of appearances destined to form the base of his expression. And, behind that, it forces us to conceive a relative equivalence between what exists without the photographer in the form of an object and what exists within him as a system of values. What is photographed and what photographs appear to be almost identical.

At the base of this entire photographic work there stands a certain force in things themselves, a certain impulse of ideal aspiration and spiritual growth. It appears to be both the motive and the object of Stieglitz's work: we feel its presence in his characteristic forms, in his characteristically perpendicular, aspiring, extensive shapes that appear both to reach upward to some perfection and simultaneously plunge their roots downward into the bowels of things. We recognize it as the spirit which Stieglitz has affirmed by the exhibition of its works in the shape of paintings, for it is the spirit of the cubists and Marin, O'Keeffe, Demuth, Dove, and the rest of the two-ninety-oners, too, in some degree. And it is as the direct affirmation of that spirit, not through its works but through its "picture," as the affirmation of the motive of all the other affirmations, that the recent show of photographs was finally important. For it is the spirit of ideal aspiration and spiritual growth that the whole of Stieglitz's work is about, that the whole of his life has been concerned with. And, made as it was at the end of forty years of incessant championship and production, this affirmation of what was both the source and the aim of a great public life has the supreme value of a fresh act of fealty toward and faith in a spring of action, on the part of one it has long consumed.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama

Cinderella from Loveland

AT one time or another most American playwrights have probably wanted to write the play which Preston Sturges has attempted under the title "Child of Manhattan" (Fulton Theater). Ever since O. Henry discovered the romantic possibilities of his Bagdad on the Subway, authors in search of a theme have been tempted by the obvious possibilities of the rank life of New York, and have wondered just how it might be transferred to paper. At least half of them probably concluded that O. Henry failed because of his sentimental distortions, and flattered themselves that one needed only a cer-

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tain robust sophistication to turn the trick. And yet somehow or other the trick has never really been turned. Only Tin Pan Alley has used Broadway with genuine success, and the torch song remains the highest expression yet achieved by the spirit of Times Square. George M. Cohan writes his various farces, Philip Dunning his "Broadway," and Irving Berlin his love songs. But all these are far more *of* than *about* the life with which they deal. The world of chorus girls and sugar-daddies has not found even its Murger, and all who attempt to write about it tend to fall into either the meretricious sentimentality of ragtime or the shrill, moralistic pornography of the confession magazines. The only secretaries of Broadway society are still the reporters for the tabloids; it still awaits its Balzac.

Mr. Sturges will be remembered as the young man who revealed a fresh and impudent fancy in "Strictly Dishonorable," but he has hardly succeeded in the more ambitious task of recounting the saga of a dance-hall "hostess" and her millionaire lover. The play is in fifteen scenes, and the word "saga" is advisedly used, for the story is told in chronicle fashion, and the intention was obviously to achieve a kind of epic quality. Otto Vanderkill, son of one of the oldest as well as one of the richest of New York families, accidentally meets Miss Madeleine McGonegal of Greenpoint and the Loveland Dance Hall. He falls in love with her naive honesty, keeps her in a luxurious apartment, marries her when she is about to have a child, and then takes her back again as a mistress after he has been compelled to give her a divorce because she believes that he never really wanted her as a wife. But though Mr. Sturges succeeds in avoiding both the blatant melodrama of the "Broadway" school and also at least a part of the lush sentimentality which his story seems to threaten, he has little to put in their place, and the general effect of the play is curiously negative. It proceeds with little emphasis from scene to scene, skimming lightly over the surface and never succeeding in giving any body to its characters. They remain lay figures whose psychology is of the skimpiest, most summary sort, and one is, indeed, not quite sure how they were intended to be taken—whether as fully realized people of flesh and blood or merely as the figments of a highly colored daydream. It is the latter, if anything, that the whole performance suggests, with its naive emphasis upon the dresses and the jewels which the all-but-fabulous Mr. Vanderkill showers upon his harmless little Cinderella. Under some such form as this the fairy prince doubtless appears on sultry afternoons to the imagination of the Madeleine McGonegals of Greenpoint and elsewhere, but if a drama is to be convincing it needs more solidity than is required for the long, long thoughts of even a sophisticated maiden.

At bottom it is probably the sketchiness of the characterization which is more than anything else responsible for the feebleness of the play. Certain minor personages—like the female Vanderkill and the bartender at Las Palmas—are vivid and amusing because they appear only for a few minutes, but whenever more is called for than can be supplied by the quickly drawn traits of a clever caricature, Mr. Sturges's weakness becomes all too apparent. Whatever reality the two chief personages have is contributed by the fresh if rather obvious charm of Dorothy Hall and the suave, almost portentous gentility of Reginald Owen. To look at they are quite convincing, but when they begin to talk, one has one's doubts.

Bert Lahr furnishes most of the fun in "Hot-Cha" (Ziegfeld Theater). His exuberant clowning, together with the genuine piquancy of Lupe Velez, makes the evening pass agreeably enough despite the fact that the spectacle as a whole is rather too much like all the previous Ziegfeld shows. The producer has not skimped, and for those who are still thrilled by lavish Urban scenery and crowds of glorified girls the whole will doubtless be delightful.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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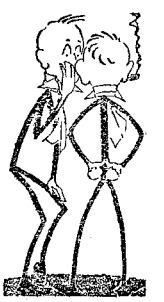

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